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Jean Welch

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Mystery of the LOST VILLAGE



"Nick!" Rusty tumbled into the front seat. "Something awful's happened!"

Trouble started even before Rusty and Nick reached the Arizona ranch where Cy worked on the mysterious diggings

By ANNETTE TURNGREN
Author of "Mystery Rides the River"

RUSTY JERROLD bolted out of the drugstore into the brick-red heat of Chatfield's main street, her ears tingling. She blinked against the burning Arizona sun, sighted the aged maroon car at the end of the block, and raced toward it.

Suppose Bob Clayton came out of the drugstore, saw her, and guessed that she had followed him? She had gone not to spy, but because she'd had a sudden impulse to call the ranch where Father and Cy had spent the past six months and tell them she would be with them soon. Suppose Bob had seen her dash into the telephone booth next to his, and knew she'd overheard him say,

"No, they don't suspect a thing. They know me as Bob Clayton. Of course I'm taking a chance. But with Mrs. Fundy gone, getting the car should be simple. If I could lose the Jerrold youngsters somewhere on the way down, I'd be safe enough. . . . You'll fix it? . . . Just below the two-mile turn. Good!"

What could it mean? Bob Clayton—who was he if he wasn't Bob Clayton? And Bob didn't know anyone in Arizona to telephone to! But if he wasn't Bob, then all that stuff he'd said about always wanting to see Arizona wasn't true either. And Mrs. Fundy's car—the old Ark—where did *that* come in?

With a swift look over her shoulder, Rusty flung herself at the car and wrenched open the door.

"Nick!" She fell into the front seat. "Something awful's hap-

pened! Bob isn't Bob, and . . . Oh, Nick, where are you?"

"She's been nibbling the fatal loco-weed," said a muffled voice from the back seat where part of Rusty's younger brother was just visible under a tower of boxes, bags, and an odd assortment of cameras, tennis rackets, and a battered golf bag in which Nick was bringing all his treasures from Minnesota. "Goes to your head every time," he mumbled, and emerged with Crinkles, the black cocker spaniel, under one arm.

"Nick, it isn't funny! Oh, please listen."

Rusty pulled herself to her knees in the front seat and gave her brother a hand, feverishly bracing the tumbling luggage until Nick sat upright again and glared at her from under tangled black brows.

"So it isn't funny!" he said bitterly. "I ask you—haven't I suffered enough? All the way from Minneapolis in this cock-eyed old car, who sat in the back seat and fought with this

pile of junk? Rusty Jerrold? No! Who practically gave his life again and again . . ."

"Oh, please keep still and listen!" Rusty's tone was anguished. "Nick, I couldn't get the ranch on the phone—the line was busy. And Bob Clayton was in the next booth, talking to someone about us! Only he isn't Bob Clayton, and he said we didn't suspect a thing, and if he could get rid of us, he'd have the car and he'd be safe, and whoever was on the other end of the line said he'd fix it at the two-mile turn and . . ."

Nick's mouth had been opening slowly. "How do you know what the other guy said?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter! He did, and I didn't wait to hear any more. Oh, don't you see—Bob's been terribly mysterious all along, and now there's something about this old car of Mrs. Fundy's that he's planning . . ."

A slow grin broke over Nick's face. "Well, he can have that and welcome! Whoever dreamed up this back seat could make a fortune building torture racks."

Rusty collapsed against the windshield, and looked at her brother with complete discouragement over her good-natured, freckled face.

"So you aren't going to take it seriously!"

Nick brushed the black lock from his forehead with a grimy hand and said sheepishly, "Aw—women! Bob Clayton's been swell to us—I don't care who he is! Why, if Bob hadn't come along and offered to drive us we'd have had to come out on the train, without Crinks, when Aunt Ede couldn't make the trip. What would he want to dump us somewhere for? Wake up, Rusty! You took a nap and had a nightmare in that phone booth in the drugstore!"

Rusty wanted to say something withering, but you couldn't wither Nick. You just had to work on him slowly, and there was no time to be lost. She leaned out and anxiously surveyed the street. Only brown, sun-glazed buildings, a few dusty-leaved trees, a cowboy in sombrero, chaps, and high-heeled boots who leaned against the wall of the general store, an Indian family in a wagon that creaked along behind two thin little ponies, and the late afternoon sun about to disappear far away under the edge of the parched desert. No sign of Bob Clayton. She turned back to her brother.

"Nick, listen," she said earnestly. "Do you realize that from the very start there's been something queer about this whole affair? Father didn't want to go off to this ranch in Arizona, and Cy hated giving up school to go along and take care of him. And the next thing we know, Father's so well he doesn't need Cy, but do they come home? No! Father writes they're staying on because Cy's digging is more important than finishing his year at the university, and Cy writes that Aunt Ede had better hurry down and rescue Pops! Now I ask you! Then Father writes he's met a Mrs. Fundy who once lived in Minneapolis, and won't we go buy back a car she sold four years ago and drive it down for her. And when we finally find the car after it's changed hands half a dozen times, it's such an old rattletrap it will hardly run. Then doesn't Aunt Ede decide to have her teeth out so she can't go, and I could swear she did it on purpose! Then out of nowhere comes Bob Clayton, and just because he has a nice smile and limps a little, and says he knows some people Aunt Ede knows, she sends us off to Arizona with him and no questions asked. He says he's from Minneapolis, he says he's been all

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Nick, his face set and fierce, grasped the mashie in both hands. "No, you don't," his voice quavered. "You don't lay a finger on us or you'll get it!"



Charlie Spivak and orchestra

In the movie "Pin-Up Girl"

RECORD RATERS

A favorite sweet-horn player tells you why he plays your way
on records or radio, films or a bandstand

By CHARLIE SPIVAK

IT'S the dream of every bandleader, I guess, to talk to his listening audience about why he plays the kind of music he does, and when the editors of *CALLING ALL GIRLS* asked me to do just that, I was pretty glad of the chance.

One of the things people ask is why I'm in the business of leading a band. Well, like a great many others, I'm a musician because I love music and want to make a career of the thing I love best. To be successful, a bandleader must not only please himself with his music but also please the people who dance to it, those

who buy his records, and those who pack a theater to hear him. He must play the songs the fans want, the way they want them. And he likes doing it, because it keeps his standards high!

It's because I want to please my listeners that I like to talk to those who crowd around the bandstand when we're playing a dance engagement, and that's

why I go over all my fan mail personally. Fans are honest. If they don't like a particular arrangement or tune, they'll say so; they let me know whether they like the vocalists and featured instrumentalists; they make suggestions which they think will better the band. Learning these things directly from them makes it easier to plan top-notch radio programs and records which are hits.

Our audiences like to get the mood of a song from the way it's played, and that's why I
(Continued on page 58)

This is only the beginning —the debut of a department in which famous recording artists will write about record making. Soon you will be our Record Raters and will have a chance to vote locally on your favorites. Watch your Official Headquarters Store and *CALLING ALL GIRLS* for details.

Meanwhile, do you like the idea as well as we do? Write and tell us what you think of it, what you'd like to see included in the department. Address Record Raters Editor, *CALLING ALL GIRLS*, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

What About COLLEGE?

Now is the time to
think about whether, where,
and how you're going

By RITA HALLE KLEEMAN
Author of "Which College?"

THIS is an exciting world you are living in. Headlines an inch high tell about Europe and the islands of the Pacific. The postman, who used to bring nothing more thrilling than a meeting notice or a postcard from Aunt Minnie about the progress of little Willie's measles, now comes up the walk with a letter from Brother Bill in Alaska or from Sister Sue serving with the Wac in the Philippines. Father comes home at night with proud, mysterious tales about some secret gadget turned out by his unit that day, or of helping to roll off the assembly lines planes that will soon roll off carrier decks. Even Mother works at a war plant or as a nurses' aide. And does anyone expect you to go to college after you graduate from high school? Fine chance!

Well, to turn your own words right back at you, it is a fine chance, one of the best you will ever have, and one that will never come again. It is one

which comparatively few girls in the world have today and which few American girls had until a generation ago. You owe it to yourself, to your future, to your country and the world not to refuse that chance without good reason!

Of course, not every girl should go to college. No longer do parents who have gone to college feel that the family is taking a backward step if Genevieve or Harold does not go. No longer do parents who have not gone feel that their children must go, both to give themselves added opportunities and

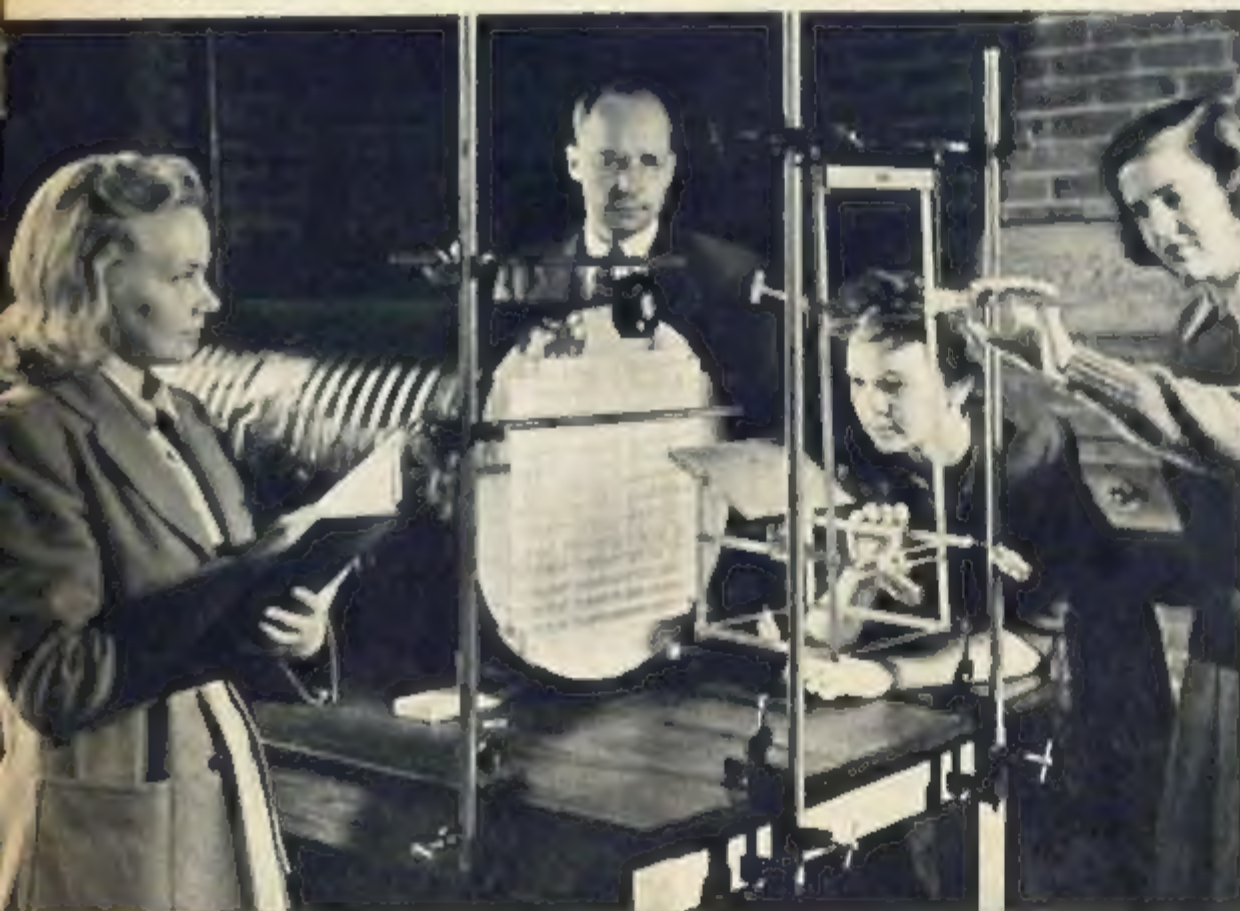
to help boost the family up the social ladder. Fortunately, we now realize that girls and boys who don't like to study and who don't do well in abstract subjects in high school may have other qualities, just as desirable, which will make them happy and useful citizens without college training. Fortunately, we are coming more and more to have as much respect for the person who works with his hands as for the one who works with his brain. So if your own feeling that you'd be wiser not to go to college is supported by the opinion of your



Each campus is proud of its fine buildings. Here is stately Green Hall at Wellesley.



This young student at coeducational Cornell University is making music her career.



Physics students at Vassar measure lift and drag on airplane wings before a wind tunnel. Not compulsory at Mills College, but a favorite sport nevertheless, is ear-banging.



teachers and the evidence of your school records and aptitude tests, you will be justified in following some other plan.

If you are what educators call "college material," though, think very carefully about what college training can give you—and what you can give when you have had that training! Nowadays we know that there are few things that can be done as well by instinct as by judgment. Whether it be balancing the family budget or feeding the baby or nursing the sick, all of which were formerly supposed to be as much a part of a girl's native equipment as her nose or her fingernails, we can do them better by learning the methods discovered in this past amazing century by the mechanics, the thinkers, and the scientists. Some of you will marry college men, and companionship, you well know, is easier between people of like background. Others of you will marry men who have not gone to college, and for you even more it will be important to have a good education so that you may supply the background you will want for your children. Then, too, it will take all the skill and all the understanding today's young people can acquire, properly to bring

(Continued on page 52)

Antioch's work-study plan gives students real experience, such as with the teletype.



Surprise Party

PEGGY BAKER dragged into the locker room and dumped her books on the floor of her locker. She pulled off her polo coat and pushed it onto a hook. A frown made a V above her glasses. A fine birthday this was going to be!

She glanced in the mirror that hung inside the locker door and reached in her purse for a comb. A girl ought to be happy on her birthday, instead of confused. And she'd expected to be happy, especially after yesterday morning. She hadn't meant to listen, but how could she help it? She was standing behind this very door when Marie and Sylvia breezed in, full of excitement.

"Well, the gang's all lined up," Syl had bubbled happily.

For a while it looked as if there wouldn't be an invitation for Sally, but Peggy knew a thing or two about surprises

By RUTH K. KENT

Peggy was going to stick her head out and cry, "What's cooking?" when Marie answered, "And won't Peggy be surprised?"

Peggy cleared her throat but someone dropped a book so Sylvia and Marie didn't hear the sound she made.

Sylvia went on. "Sure. Her mother said we can have it in their recreation room. And she offered to bake a birthday cake and furnish the Cokes. I'm bringing wieners."

"I'm bringing buns." Marie slammed her locker door. "And

Joey's Aunt Lena promised to make salad."

"Be sure and bring your phonograph records," Sylvia was saying as they left.

Peggy had stood there biting her lip. A surprise party! What fun! But was it fun when you knew about it? Then she remembered she'd planned on asking the gang to drop in anyway. Bill and Joey, Syl and Ron, Marie and Ada and some other boys, and that new girl—the Chinese girl, Sally Wu.

The idea was really to help the gang get better acquainted with Sally. At first Peggy had sort of resented Sally because the other girls seemed to. But Sally was a cute number—black hair worn in a smooth flat-top, her complexion a dull amber, and there was something mysterious about her slanted eyes. And her figure was really something.

The other girls called Sally "that Oriental girl." But Peggy knew that Sally was just as American as ice cream and Cokes. And was she full of jive! And why not? Hadn't she just moved down to Cedar Hill from the city? Her father owned the Golden Pheasant, that swell chop suey joint. And one day Sally told Peggy, "The blue star in the window is for my brother in the Marines. He's in the Philippines." Her eyes looked the way Peggy's sometimes felt, and she knew they had a true bond.

Now Peggy adjusted the blue ribbon that held a curl in place, and tried to swallow the dry lump in her throat. If she hadn't



Peggy stood there biting her lip. A surprise party! What fun!

gone to the post office to mail a letter on her way to school she wouldn't have walked past the Golden Pheasant this morning. And she wouldn't have seen the gold star that replaced the blue one in the window.

Peggy wiped her brown loafers on the backs of her tan anklets. Then she picked up her books and walked out into the corridor.

Marie called, "Hi, Pegs."

Peggy went over to where Sylvia and Marie and Ada were holding a conference. "There's a gold star in Sally Wu's window," she told the girls, hardly able to keep the tears from her voice. "Poor Sally."

And Peggy started worrying about Daddy again, and wondering when their next letter would come from him.

The gold star touched Ada's and Marie's sympathy, and Ada wiped her eyes. But neither girl said a word; they both waited for Sylvia.

For a moment Sylvia's eyes softened and she said, "Gee, that's tough."

Peggy felt her heart quicken. "Did you invite her . . ." Then she bit off the words. The girls were staring at her. Naturally she couldn't ask them if they'd invited Sally to the surprise party. Then she remembered that Sylvia was on the membership committee for the Girls' Club.

"Did you ask Sally to join the Girls' Club?" Peggy asked hurriedly.

Sylvia frowned thoughtfully. "That Oriental . . ."

Peggy stamped her foot. "She's as American as you."

"For heaven's sake," Sylvia flared, "lay off now, Pegs. I've already got one headache. Ron and I have to find a place to hold a class party. Everything in town is taken, or else they

just don't want a crowd. Or they're too expensive. I'm going nuts over it."

She stalked down the hall so firmly that Ada and Marie followed as if pulled by strings. Peggy took off her glasses and



"Hi, Pegs." Josy was beating time with a crutch. "Who's the slick chick? I was talking to her and she sure sends on the beam."

blew on them and wiped them on the tie of her plaid blouse. Her shoulders drooped. She hadn't found out a thing. If only she knew whether they had invited Sally.

Just then Sally came along and locked her arm through Peggy's and they walked to history together. Why couldn't she come right out and ask Sally if she was coming? But no, that wouldn't do. It certainly was hard to keep a surprise a surprise when you knew about it.

Peggy slid into her seat in history. But she didn't hear a thing Miss Sellars said until the teacher suggested, "Peggy, you'd better remain after school and work on your history. Sally Wu, will you stay to coach Peggy?"

And Sally's soft voice said, "Certainly, Miss Sellars."

The day went badly. The girls were always standing around whispering. Peggy knew it was about the party tonight, but Sally was never included in the little groups. So

by the time Sally tried to coach her in history after school, Peggy's mind was immune to dates and battles.

"I don't see why you keep all that moth-eaten junk in your head. Who wants to learn this stuff anyway?" she said crossly.

Sally smiled. "My ancestors had a saying, 'Learn about the past and you will know the future.' Sounds corny, but it's pretty true. Anyway, let's quit now and do this some other time this week end."

"O k a y." Peggy slammed the book shut. "How about tonight? Doing anything tonight?" She searched Sally's face intently.

Sally put her head to one side. "Let's see—I'll ask my mother if I can come over. Want to go home with me?"

Peggy was tempted, but she glanced at the clock. "No . . . I'd better not. This is Mother's day at the Red Cross and I always cook dinner for her. Say—I can ask any guest I want. Why don't you come to dinner?"

"Oh, I'd love it, if my mother will let me," Sally said. "Shall I wear my new blue print?"

"That'll be slick," Peggy said. "Phone me and let me know."

Peggy chuckled most of the way home. If they hadn't asked Sally—well, she was invited now. And they'd all try to make Sally forget, for a while anyway, about that gold star. Sally'd have a swell time. Then Peggy started kicking herself. Maybe the kids wouldn't be nice to Sally.

"But," Peggy argued, "it's my house. And my birthday. I can invite who I want."

But Syl could be so cold and offish sometimes, in a perfectly polite way. And the other girls could imitate Syl to perfection.

And the boys—would they wander outdoors, or huddle in a corner, or just keep on dancing with the same girls all evening?

Peggy dragged into the house and closed the door slowly instead of giving it the usual quick bang. The house always seemed empty without Mom. If only she'd hurry home. But then, Peggy sighed, this was once when she couldn't talk her problem over with Mom. After all, Mom was in on the surprise party and it would spoil her fun to learn that Peggy knew about it. Peggy hung up her coat. Eavesdropping certainly complicated things. Maybe she shouldn't have been so impulsive. Why hadn't she asked the kids in one at a time to get acquainted with Sally? They'd like her when they knew her. Why expose Sally to the whole gang at once? Now it was a fine mess of a birthday!

The phone rang and Peggy lifted it from the hall table. "Hello."

"Hello. This is Sally. I can come."

"What?" Peggy mumbled absently, because there on the table was an envelope in Daddy's handwriting. And addressed to her. Peggy snatched it up. "What?" she said again.

"I can come. See you later," Sally said.

"Oh, that's swell. Good-bye now."

Peggy hurried to the kitchen and dropped down beside the breakfast table. She grabbed three grapes from the fruit bowl and stuffed them into her mouth. She fingered the letter lovingly before she opened it. Then she giggled when she read the silly verse Daddy had written on a piece

of cardboard that said "Crackers" on the back:

*Peggy, Peggy, sweet and leggy,
Funny little gal. . .*

Love and kisses, happy birthday

From your bestest pal.

And Daddy had included a silk handkerchief that said, "Souvenir of," but the censor had cut off the corner telling what it was a souvenir of.

"It's beautiful," Peggy buried her face in it, then proudly tucked it into her blouse pocket.

Peggy peeled potatoes and cleaned vegetables while her mind tumbled about madly. It was a good birthday because Daddy remembered, and they knew he was safe a little while longer. And the party—it was swell of the kids. And she was glad she asked Sally. But all the nice things seemed buried under that one desperate longing in Peggy's heart—a good time for Sally.

Dinner wasn't so bad. Mother was glad Sally came and they talked about so many interesting things. Sally had gone to China once with her parents and she could pronounce the names of those places on the

big map where Mother's eyes strayed so often. But the bad time was to come.

They went into the living room to listen to the radio. But Peggy's eyes pulled toward the door at every little sound. Then she studied Sally. Was she listening, too? Who could tell? Sally's face was a mask of polite interest, but her eyes bubbled with keen mischief. Peggy'd changed her dress and now her fingers plucked nervously at the black velvet lacing at the neck of her dress.

Then the crowd burst in—so suddenly that Peggy let out a small cry. They fell all over each other, shouted, "Surprise!" and "Happy Birthday, Peggy!" and dumped packages on the davenport.

"Look at her," Marie cried. "Is she surprised!"

Peggy felt the color flame across her face. She tried to enter into the fun and noise, but it seemed flat as stale Coke, and her eyes turned to Sally standing beside Mrs. Baker, straight and interested.

"I want you to meet . . ." Peggy cried. Then she saw Sylvia's face. It had that

haughty look, and something told Peggy that Sally hadn't been invited. Mother was introducing Sally, and Ada sidled over and whispered to Peggy, "How'd she get here?"

"I asked her," Peggy said firmly. "I mean, I had her to dinner."

Ada turned away, but the boys called, "Hey, let's go downstairs and dig a groove. Did you bring the hot platters, Marie?"

Peggy was the last one downstairs, and her feet felt like clods of mud holding

(Continued on
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Peggy caught her breath when she saw Ron walk right across the floor and then stop in front of Sally.



For their work in "Tomorrow the World" Skippy Homerer and Joan won lessons from tennis champion Bill Tilden



She's only Natural

That's why, after a near-eclipse, Joan Carroll's star right now is one of the brightest

By LAURA O. VRUWINK

SUPPOSE you looked in the mirror one fine day, studied yourself carefully, and decided you were the Judy Garland type or the Greer Garson type or resembled any one of your dozen favorite movie stars? If you were successful in your copying, you'd turn out just an imitation. And if you weren't successful, you'd turn out a motley affair, with here

and there a bit of the real you showing.

That's what happened to Joan Carroll, only she wasn't to blame. Somebody saw her at the tender age of four, said, "Ah! A second Shirley Temple!" and presto, she was typed. Hollywood wanted to make an imitation of her—don't ask me why—and then found they hadn't much use for an imita-

tion after all, and were ready to forget her. It wasn't until Joan got rid of the disguise and showed them who she really was that she started on the remarkable climb to the top that has made her one of Hollywood's favorite young stars.

Actually, Joan is making a comeback on the screen. We sometimes hear of adult stars who have been absent from the screen for a long time who are doing that, but it is an unusual experience for anyone thirteen years old. When four-year-old Joan came to Hollywood, she was scheduled to appear in a picture with Mary Pickford. The film, due to many circumstances, was never made. Then Joan was signed by another studio. But again she made no picture. Finally she went to a third film studio, and because Shirley Temple was such a success, Joan, who really looked somewhat like Shirley, was asked to have her hair bleached and then curled like Shirley's, and she soon emerged so like that young star that the resemblance was a handicap to Joan. Her special talent wasn't recognized until she left this film company and made "Primrose Path" at RKO with Ginger Rogers. For that picture she abandoned her man-made curls and her charming manners and
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STENCIL

Your own

Your room, your clothes, and your gifts can be rich with designs of your own making. It is easy and fun to do, too!

By MARY WIEAND

HOW'S the artist in you? Is it showing? It should—on your dirndls and doilies, on hankies, belts, blouses and anything else that you think could well face the world more brightly.

And what's more, you don't really have to be an artist. You don't need to have special skills or talents to sport hand-painted lovelies; those shown on these two pages were designed and

executed by non-professionals. What you do need is stencils, brushes, and special paints, such as the Prang Textile Colors that were used for these. Any white or light-colored fabrics of smooth surface and close weave—cottons, rayons, or linens—can be decorated. Before painting a washable material, though, first suds it thoroughly to remove all sizing or filling. If you don't, the design will

come out with the filling in the first washing. With the fabric clean and pressed, you're all set for the five easy steps that stenciling on fabrics requires.

First step is to choose your stencil. Either pick one from the kit which comes with the colors, or draw your own on stencil paper. Possibilities for designs are all around you if you look—in the wallpaper, on the china, in the floral patterns of drapes and upholstery. If you have any talent for designing, you'll probably get more fun and satisfaction if you dream up your own. Then choose your colors. If your design is to be all one color, you need only one stencil—and you need an additional one for each other color. If you're going in for a multicolored effect, be sure to check your stencils together, one on top of the other, and look through to see that the design meshes.

Next, you mix your colors in separate little dishes. There's a special thinner that should



Here are some of the many ways of using hand-painted designs. You'll think of lots more.

always be added, so that the colors when ready to use are just about the thickness of heavy cream. If your kit contains only red, yellow, and blue, remember that blue with yellow makes green, for instance, and red with blue makes purple. If you've forgotten all the combinations of primary colors that make secondary colors, just experiment—who can tell what wonderful combinations you may bring forth!

The third step—fasten your fabric taut on a flat surface, over a sheet of white blotting paper. The blotter will soak up the excess paint and guarantee clear, sharp outlines. Fasten the stencil to the fabric with gummed tape or pins. If you're going to use stencils for two or more colors, it is a good idea to mark the angle of the corner, so that you can line up the second stencil in just the right place.

Now you're ready to take brush in hand. Work the color into the brush and then wipe off the excess on a piece of

paper or cloth. Work the color well into the fabric, brush back over the edges of the stencil about half an inch. Work from the outside of the stencil toward the center of the cut-out.

After the colors have been applied, allow them to dry for at least twenty-four hours. Here patience is more than ever a virtue—you just can't rush this part, if you want the colors to be permanent. When they are thoroughly dry, place over the back of the design a clean cloth that has been soaked in white vinegar and then wrung out. Press over the damp cloth with a hot iron for one minute, by the clock! And then if the fabric is not dry, keep on pressing until it is.

There are other ways you can apply your designs—by free-hand painting, silk screen process, or with an air brush. But these take slightly different instructions which you'd better get from the manufacturers of the textile colors before you try them.

Even the simplest of methods and the least elaborate designs can be made into beautiful and original things. You probably know that to buy something "hand-painted" is to buy something mighty expensive. So just think what distinction you'll add to your wardrobe and room decorations if you hand paint your own—not to mention how you'll overwhelm your family and friends if you present them with gifts decorated by your own loving hands with designs created by you especially and exclusively for them.

DOUBLE EXPOSURE

Mystery

The Final Installment

Gilly's "shame" didn't win the camera contest but it helped to solve the mystery, and in a way neither she nor Doug expected

By ADAM ALLEN

Author of "New Broome Experiment"

WHY, that's a hand," cried Doug.

"Oh, it is! Now I remember the man had his hand on the edge of the counter as he turned around," Gilly said excitedly. "Of course it might be just a shadow on that fruit stand sign, but—no, it is a hand. And it's got only four fingers! Has Chuck got only four fingers?"

Doug, too, looked up with a flicker of hope, but Claggett shook his head. "He has five—on each hand," he said wearily.

"Oh," Gilly sighed.

Claggett took one more look, and then suddenly he straightened. "Wait a minute. Here—look at my hand." He placed it on the edge of the table, flat, palm down, and then he moved it back slightly and slipped his thumb under the edge. "If you took a picture of my hand now, from over there—" he motioned toward the opposite table edge—"it might look as if I only had four fingers."

"Of course!" Gilly said eagerly. "But," she sobered again, "I still don't see how we can prove those four fingers are Chuck's."

"We can't — from this," Claggett was smiling now. "But look at me again. My thumb is touching the underside of the table. It's going to leave a print, isn't it? And I was with the boys who went over your shop for prints yesterday, and I can promise you they didn't examine the underside of the counter."

Gilly was at the door before Doug could reach it.

"Can we get in the shop? The police locked it up, you know. Have you got stuff with you to take fingerprints with? Oh, hurry!"

Claggett was grinning as he followed her, and Doug caught up with Gilly on the stairs and

"Oh, hurry!" Gilly cried. Doug and Claggett matched her speed down the narrow, steep stairs.



grabbed one of her hands.

Claggett had the keys. And there was a fingerprint kit in the car, too.

"You kids can take a picture of it, if we find anything," he concluded. "Gilly, you show me where the fellow was standing."

Gilly was so impatient as Claggett went to work that she could hardly stand still. She played absent-mindedly with a faded chrysanthemum, and noticed afterward that she had pulled it to bits, petal by petal. There was a little gold pool of them on the floor.

"There's something here, all right," Claggett said finally.

Gilly bumped her head on the counter, scrambling down to her hands and knees to look.

"Sure enough." Doug barely breathed the words. "There is a print!"

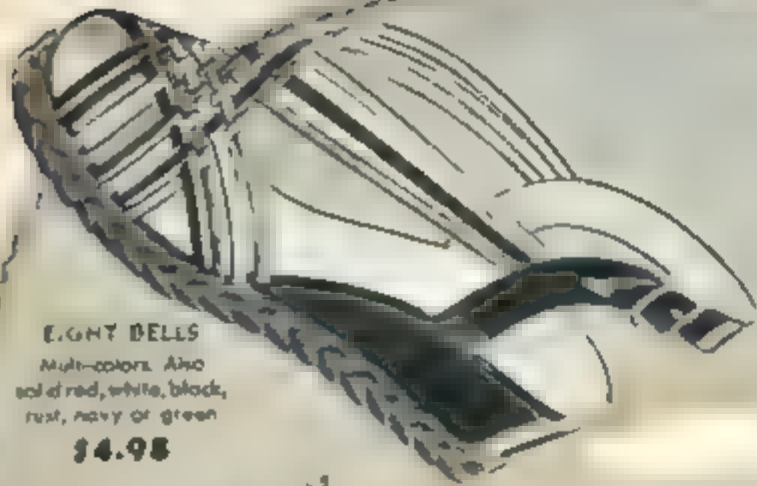
"Might be your own, or your father's," Claggett pointed out sensibly, but they refused to be dismayed by that possibility. "If you'll make a photograph of it right now, we can check on that."

It wasn't very long afterward that the three of them were comparing a wet enlarged picture of the thumbprint with a smaller, dry picture which Claggett drew from his pocket. Claggett looked at the enlargement a long time.

"That's Chuck's thumb," he said quietly.

Gilly felt herself go weak with relief.

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rust, navy or green

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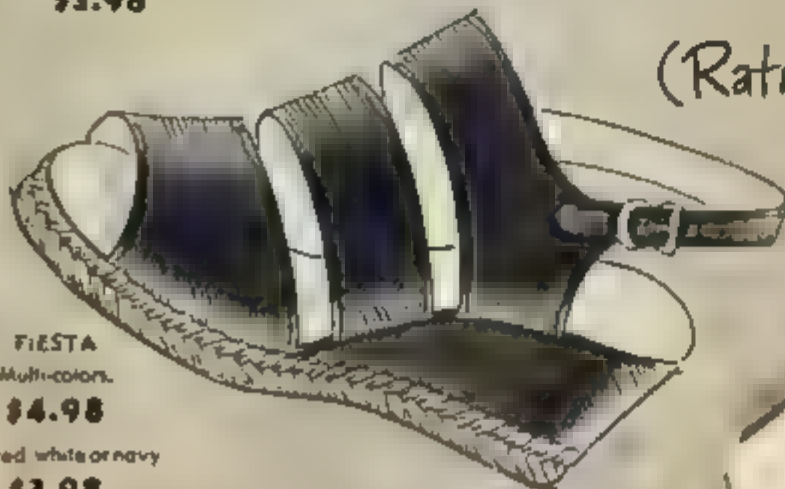
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Doug threw himself in a vaulting leap and caught Chuck's flying legs between his arms.

"What do we do now?" Doug asked.

"Yes, what do we do now?" Gilly wanted to know. "You said he had an alibi, didn't you? Would people believe an alibi if you had this?"

"We'll find out. I suppose Chuck might have been in the shop some other time. Though what he'd be doing behind the counter, I don't know. I think I'll have another talk with him. Right now."

Claggett picked up his coat and put it on with deliberate movements. Gilly wondered suddenly why she had thought he was just a nice young man. He looked positively dangerous now, with his mouth set grimly like that, and his eyes so stern and steady.

"I'd like to come along, sir—if it's all right," Doug said. "You don't mind, Gilly, do you?"

"I'm coming, too."

"Now, wait a minute." Claggett turned his stern gaze on her. And then he grinned. "All right. I guess you've earned it. But if there's any trouble, you do exactly as I say, will you?"

Gilly nodded. "Oh, yes, sir. Absolutely."

"That's the man," Gilly said slowly a few minutes later,

when Claggett pulled the car up before a drugstore in front of which several men were standing. "And if you want another check on it, you could ask that boy at the soda fountain if he isn't the man who took my books that night, and said he was my uncle."

"Good." Claggett nodded. Then he raised his voice. "Chuck! Come over here a minute, will you?"

A thin, dark man glared at Claggett and then moved reluctantly forward. The men with whom he had been talking eyed the policeman suspiciously, and then drifted unobtrusively away.

"Fine. Now you just get in here," Claggett said, "where we can talk privately."

Gilly and Doug got out of the car, to make room, and then they leaned on the window, peering in and listening to every word.

"Where were you Monday night, Chuck?" Claggett asked in a conversational tone of voice.

"You know where I was," Meekin answered rudely. "You asked me that yesterday, and I told you. I was right in that drugstore—and Pop Jenkins will prove it. I didn't leave the place all that evening."

"Pop Jenkins is certainly a good friend of yours, isn't he?"

"Sure. Why not? He's a friend of everybody around here."

"Sure." Claggett nodded amiably. "Just step up to the door and ask Pop Jenkins to come outside, will you, Doug? I want to talk to him."

They all waited in silence until Doug reappeared with a small, middle-aged man whose bald head shone above the fringe of grayish hair that encircled it.

"Hello, Pop," Claggett murmured, and Pop bobbed his head without answering, his eyes avoiding Chuck's narrowed ones. "Chuck here says he was in your place all Monday evening," Claggett went on. "That right?"

"Yep. He was here." Pop's voice was low.

"See?" Chuck grinned unpleasantly.

"Oh, yes, I see, all right," Claggett answered. "Then I suppose you couldn't have been in the McCord flower shop that evening, could you?"

"Me? Do I look like a man who runs around buying flowers?"

"No, frankly you don't, Chuck. But I thought you might have dropped in there for some other reason."

"Well, I didn't. Never been in the place in my life, in fact."

Gilly gasped, but Doug's hand on her arm kept her silent.

"You'd swear to that, would you, Chuck?"

"Why not? Ask Pop here—ask if he ever heard me mention going into a flower shop."

"Never mind. Your word's good enough." Claggett smiled and Chuck looked at him with sudden suspicion, but the patrolman ignored him. He turned toward Pop Jenkins. "Take my advice and change your tune quick, Pop. Chuck isn't worth a perjury charge, you know. Or do you want to spend a couple

(Continued on page 35)

The advertisement features several stylized illustrations of young women wearing long, dark-colored coats. One girl is prominently featured in the foreground, smiling and looking towards the viewer. Behind her, several other girls are shown in various poses, some walking and some standing. The style is reminiscent of mid-20th-century magazine illustrations.

TAG! We want YOU... on Pillsbury's Planning Panel

WE'RE GETTING UP A BUNCH of livewire girls—from everywhere—like you who read Pillsbury's Communique every month, to help us keep on the alert about what girls everywhere are scheming and dreaming and planning for themselves—now and after the war is over. We need exactly the kind of advice you can give us about our service program for girls. We'll be asking for *your own* pet ideas. Would you like to be one of the charter members of this **PILLSBURY PLANNING PANEL**? Just tell us who you are, where you are in school, some of the things you're interested in. If you'll do *that* for us—but quick . . . we'll do the rest.

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Minneapolis 2, Minnesota

ATTACH THIS TO YOUR LETTER

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Please put me on your mailing list for Pillsbury's Communique.

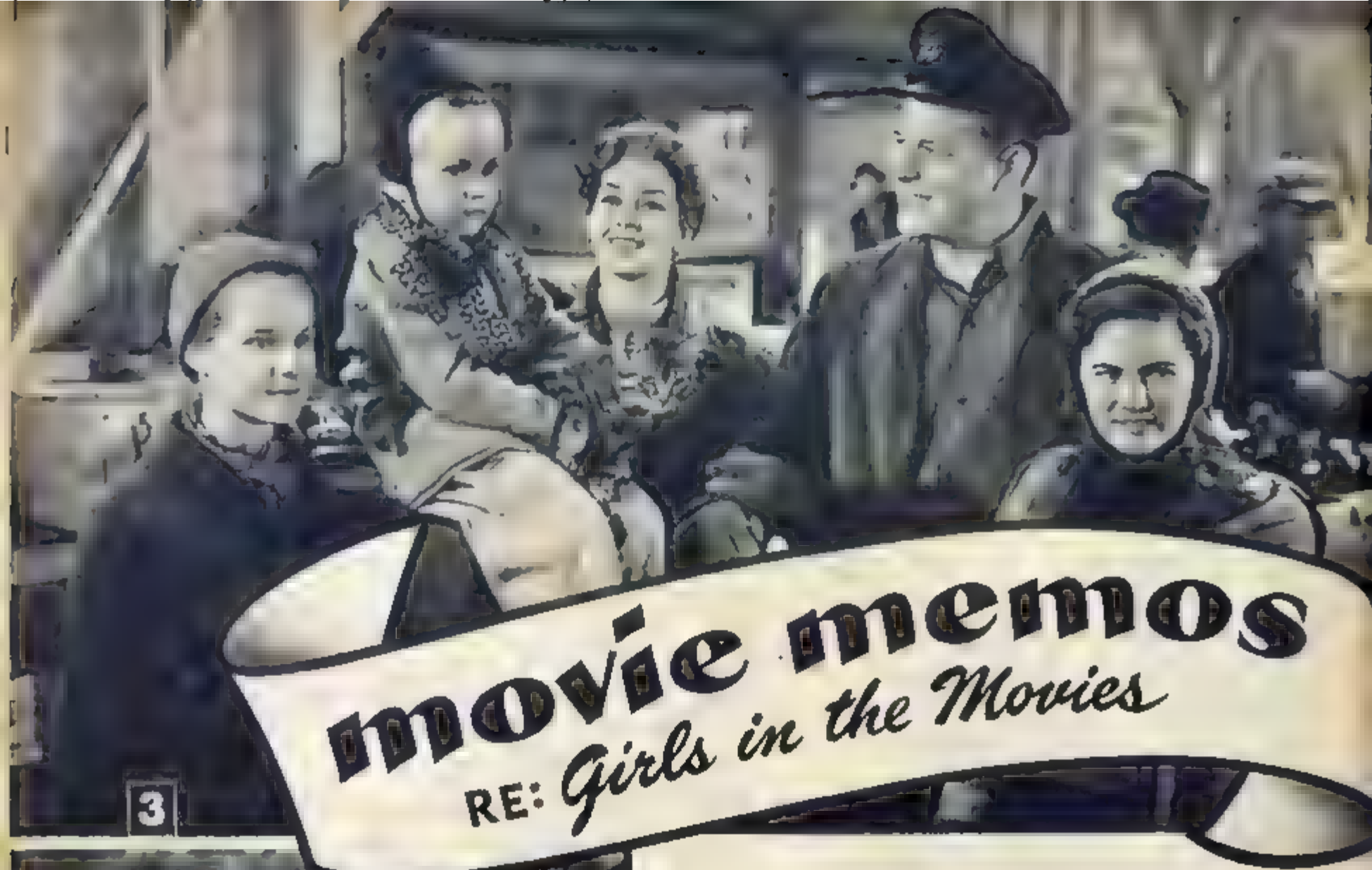
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When writing to advertisers, please mention **CALLING ALL GIRLS**



movie memos

RE: *Girls in the Movies*

3

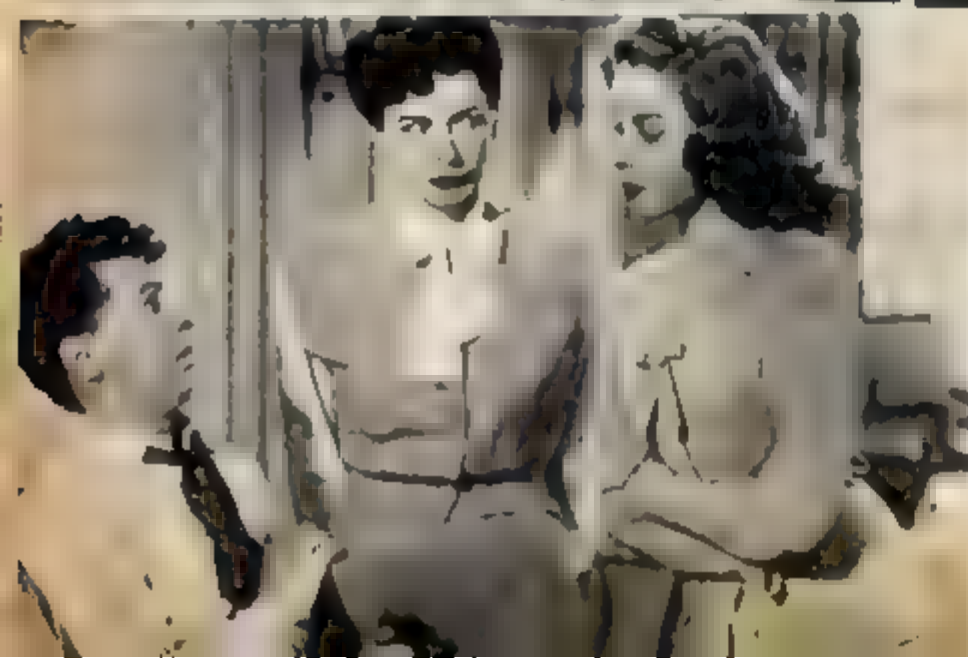


By ELIZABETH NICHOLS
Movie Editor

1—In "For Our Vines Have Tender Grapes," Margaret O'Brien lives on a Wisconsin farm, and her days are full of adventure. She has many friends—the farm animals, the squirrels and birds of the forest—and her devoted father (Edward G. Robinson) teaches her their ways. But best of all, Jackie Jenkins is her playmate—remember freckled Jackie and his jar of bugs in "National Velvet"? When we met Margaret recently, we asked her if she liked working in a picture with Jackie. Her solemn little face broke into a radiant smile. "Oh, very much," she said. Evidently Margaret knows she needn't worry about scene stealers, even one so smooth as Jackie! (MGM)

2—Gloria Jean has her first romance in "I'll Remember April" and Kirby Grant doesn't have to try hard to make it seem real. Or could be he's hungry and the salad lures him! Gloria is a radio singer in the film and helps solve a murder mystery (Universal)

4 5 6





2



1

3—Mona Freeman (left) and Patsy Lee Parsons (right) are teen-age members of Rosalind Russell's slightly mad but delightfully independent family in "Roughly Speaking." Mona began her career as a model, Patsy Lee in Dr. Christian films—both are gratifyingly on their way in Hollywood. (Warner)

4—Elizabeth Taylor has just been given the 1944 Parents Magazine juvenile acting award for her work in "National Velvet." She plays with Lassie, reigning collie dog star, in "Hold High the Torch." Photographed in technicolor in the magnificent forests of Washington state there are stunning scenes of wild life, but they were made with trained animals—a bear, deer, bobcat, and others—for a really wild creature isn't given to posing for the cameras! Elizabeth studies her script in a manner you homeworkers will approve—with the radio on loud, the better to concentrate, says she. (MGM)

5—Diana Lynn, who gave up a promising career as a concert pianist to become a movie star, is using her musical gift to entertain soldiers in hospitals where her piano, wheeled into the wards, gives with both the classics and hit tunes. In "Out of This World" Diana wins her first heartthrob and just because it's Eddie Bracken don't think it isn't a major affair. Diana's helper in keeping Eddie in line is Cass Daley. (Para.)

6—Kathryn Grayson has her choice of Gene Kelly or Frank Sinatra in "Anchors Aweigh." Not being the motherly type, she chooses masterful Gene instead of shy Frankie. But her real pursuit is of José Iturbi because she wants a screen and voice test more than anything in the world. She gets it—which makes it nice for us, too, with Iturbi conducting in Hollywood Bowl. Flash—Sinatra goes classical! (MGM)

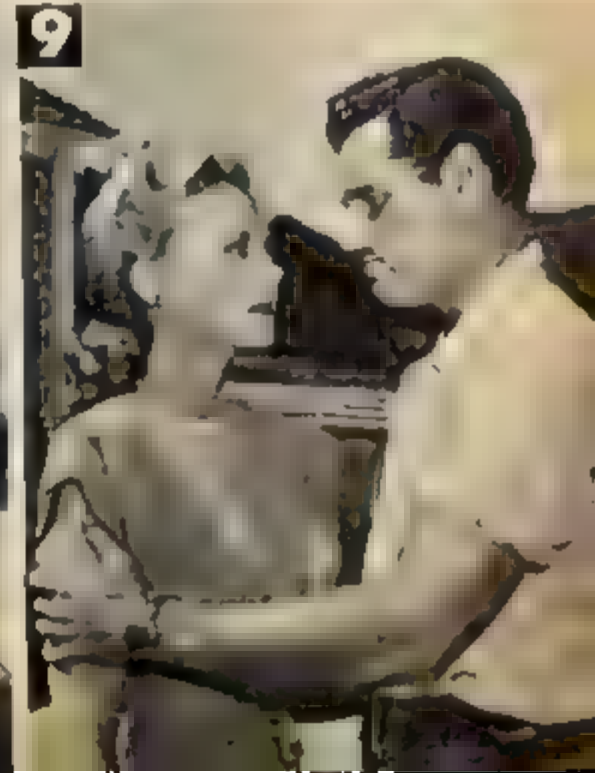
7—Peggy Ann Garner as Francie in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" has one of the most important screen roles ever given a juvenile actress. She plays it superbly. James Dunn is her father whom she adores despite his inability to get on in the world. The film has many sad moments but the family loyalty and pride of the Nolans is beautiful to see. (20th C-Fox)

8—G. S. on her jumper means Gale Storm knows how girls love to initial the things they wear. Gale's lovely smile, together with her appealing acting in "They Shall Have Faith," means a promising career for this vivacious young star. (Monogram)

9—Adele Mara in "Thoroughbreds" falls in love with Tom Neal who has been discharged from the cavalry because of an injury. The ex-sarge takes a job on her ranch because she has bought his old cavalry mount at auction. (Rep.)



7 8



9

GIRLS in the NEWS

1—Burden bearer. In place of the family donkey, which is a war casualty, this young girl of Agrinion, in west-central Greece, carries home faggots for fuel. *OWI Photo*

2—Philippine sister act. Performing for GI's at an Army hospital on Leyte Island the Bidua sisters, Adelita, 6, Adelia, 10, Adolaida, 13, made a hit. *Wide World Photo*

3—Farmer for victory. Agnes Doody, 14, of North Branford, Conn., 4-H Club member, received a \$500 War Bond prize in the New England Federal Farm Loan Banks' contest for her letter saying in part, "I can't wear a uniform, so I've put on overalls and worked on the farm." *Dept. of Agriculture Photo*

4—Pool champions. Victorious in New York City's Metropolitan Amateur Athletic Union Junior Championship swimming meet are, left to right: Carole Giardini, 7; Susan Edelman, 12; Eleanor Holterman, 16; Lorna Doelling, 15, title winner; and Dorothy Yungling, 19. *N Y Herald Tribune Photo*





DON'T BE DOWNCAST, KEEP YOUR CHIN UP,
YOU CAN BE A LOVELY PIN-UP.
TAKE A TIP FROM PETITEEN —
WATCH YOUR STYLE, IS WHAT WE MEAN!

For smart clothes styled just for your age
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... Date Bait for the SODA FOUNTAIN CROWD

You chicks are really lucky! Here are the finest quality double-woven cotton gloves, especially designed for you, Hand sewing throughout — in a manner that will thrill you every time you wear them, and will the drakes swoon!

Comes in white, chamois yellow and cream beige.

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At better stores everywhere

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INC.
425 4th AVE. NEW YORK, N. Y.

Let's Talk Things Over

By ALICE BARR GRAYSON

Author of "Do You Know Your Daughter?"

Do you think it's fair for a girl of fifteen to be deprived of having friends of her own age? My father has always objected to my having friends who associate with boys. For the past two years, I have not been allowed to go with girls who were seen walking or talking with boys.—Rita G., aged 15, New York.

THE answer to Rita's question is certainly no. It is not only unfair but unwise for grownups to deny teen-agers social experiences with one another.

Adolescents are justified in asking—and many of them do—"Why are our parents afraid?" Some mothers and fathers answer, "We are afraid our children will get a bad name." Or they say, "We are afraid they will fall into bad company" or "learn to do things they should not do" or "grow up too fast" or "meet situations which they cannot face because they are too young and immature." But there are other parents who feel it is their job to help their young folks with such matters, to offer them useful information, guidance, and direction so that they may learn how to understand and get along with one another.

Rita's parents, who care very much for her welfare, are justified in wanting to help her to grow wisely and well. They are right, therefore, if they show a great interest in the kinds of recreation she seeks—where and with whom. There are good places to go and good things to do. Young people like to laugh, sing, dance, go to parties, play games, share exciting adventures, and exchange confidences. A fifteen-year-old is smart enough to recognize that at her age she

cannot expect to have quite as much freedom to come and go as she pleases, as she may be entitled to, perhaps, a few years later when she has had opportunities to prove in many ways that she is capable of taking good care of herself and of managing her personal relationships.

A girl's parents should want her to make friends of both sexes. They could encourage her to invite girls and boys to her home, and they can often help her to plan good times. They may direct her to good places and good people—outside of the family circle—so that she may meet other young girls and boys under wise guidance and leadership. This is the time for a girl like Rita to enjoy wholesome social relationships of many kinds.

I spend many stamps and much time writing to movie stars, asking for photographs and such. Do you think it is worth while, or should I spend my time on something else?—Mary G., aged 12, Michigan.

MANY people, young and old, have enjoyed hobbies. Some of the busiest folks in the world find great relaxation in spending some of their leisure time in riding their

(Continued on page 26)

AIRING problems usually brings comfort and practical suggestions. Won't you write and tell Alice Barr Grayson what's on your mind? If you sign your complete name and address (they won't be printed), and state your age, a personal reply will be sent you—unless, of course, your problem or one just like yours is answered in this department. Write to Mrs. Grayson, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS.



Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow? With flowers rare and colors fair, and Sandra Lee frocks in a row! Picked from our garden of fashion: two perky Crown SOAP'n'WATER* cotton piques, guaranteed unconditionally washable.

Left: . . . Bee-in-a-bouquet print. Red, green, brown with white eyelet embroidery.

Right: . . . Flower-carts in shocking, royal, and orchid with solid border.

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

In sizes 10 to 16. Each under \$6.

BORGENICHT BROS., 520 Eighth Avenue, New York 18, N.Y.

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"hobby horses." Teen-age girls and boys are often interested in collecting things. Sometimes they like to ride their hobbies alone, but frequently they want to share them with equally interested pals.

It might help Mary to decide whether or not she is spending too much time and money on collecting photographs of movie stars if she asks herself some such questions as these: What else does she do, when, and with whom? Does she spend a few hours a week gathering or working on her collection, or is she busy with it every day? Does she spend most of her allowance for postage stamps and none for War Stamps? Does she have time for being with friends, helping with home chores, playing outdoors, doing homework?

Then she should ask herself why she has a particular interest in movie stars. Ideally hobbies should lead to something else in the way of learning or growing. For instance, a girl might be collecting stamps and gradually become more and more interested in geography or in the people who live in different parts of the world. And a girl who is attracted by movie stars might go on from there and begin to think about the various kinds there are, what they are like, where they come from, how they became stars, what kinds of costumes they look best in, what parts they like to play, where they got their training, what were some of their hobbies. In other words, the enjoyment of a hobby may grow greater as one builds on the little beginnings.

Some hobbies are very helpful to while away lonely hours when convalescing from an illness or during long winter evenings when there are few companions; but Mary's interest in movie stars is likely to appeal to other girls, too, and

(Continued on page 56)

Traveling Crime Laboratory

This laboratory—ready to move anywhere on short notice—runs down "crimes" against good telephone service. It is one of the many jobs of the Bell Telephone Laboratories' scientists.

The "criminals" are not people, but things like threads of lint, traces of acids, or chemicals in the air—any one of which might damage telephone equipment.

In other interesting war work,

Bell Laboratories' scientists have been on a new kind of hunt. They have tracked down different materials for those now hard to get, found others that would serve in special conditions, and have detected in captured equipment the kinds of material the enemy uses.

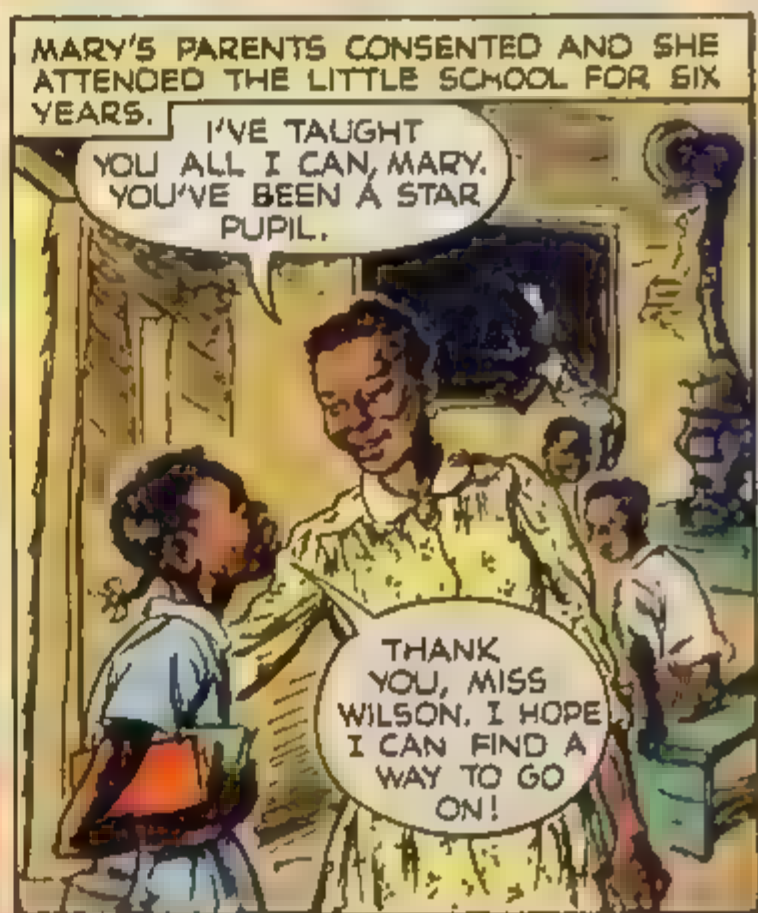
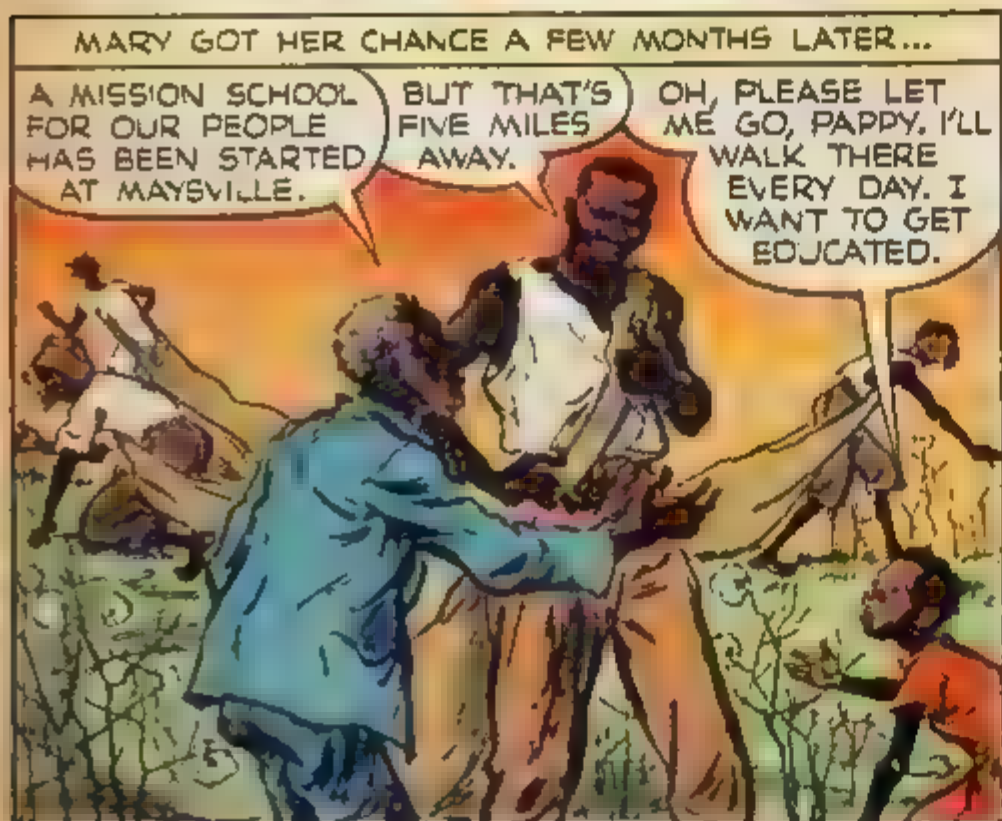
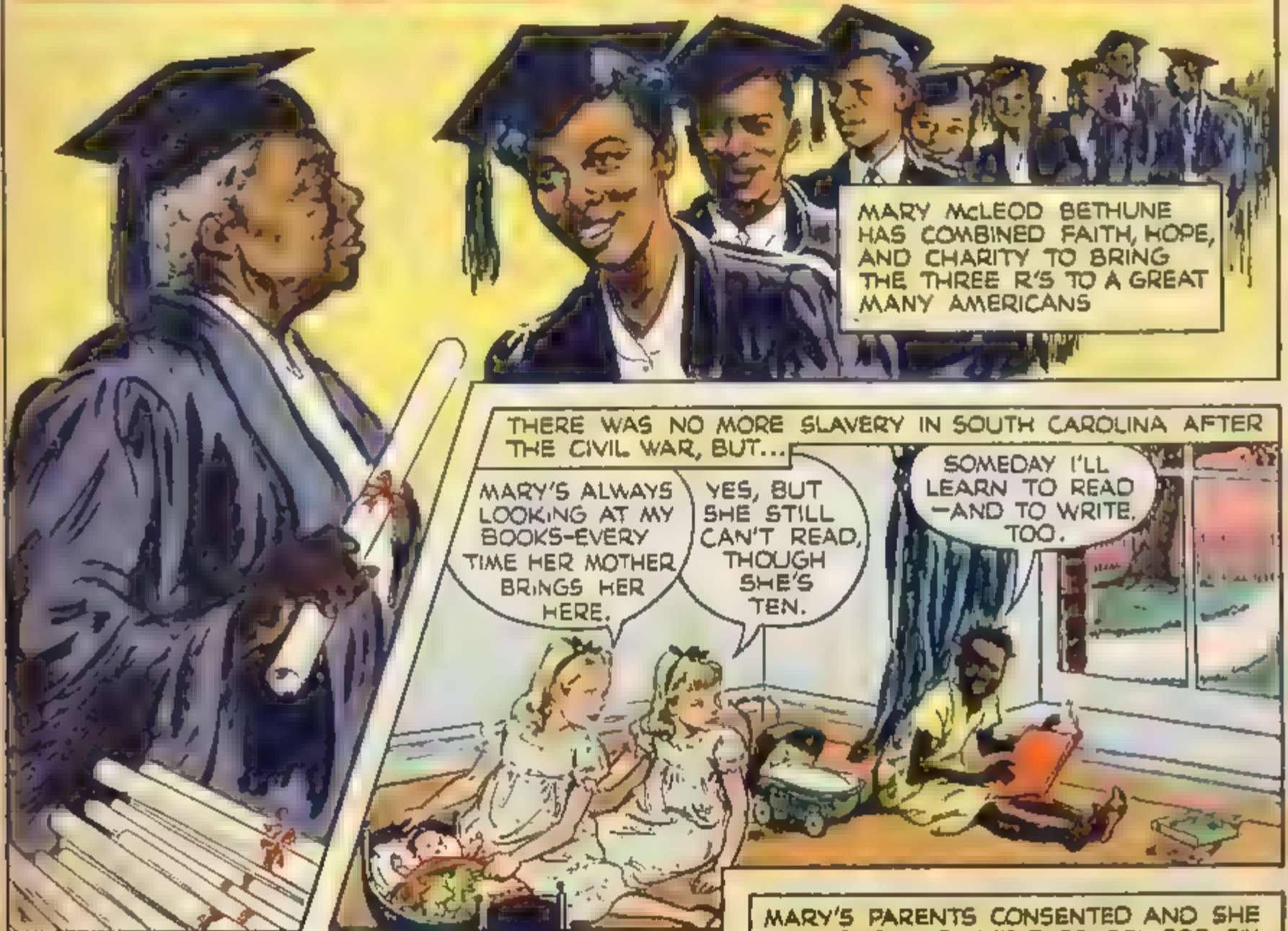
These are some examples among many of the ways Bell System research is helping to serve America at war.

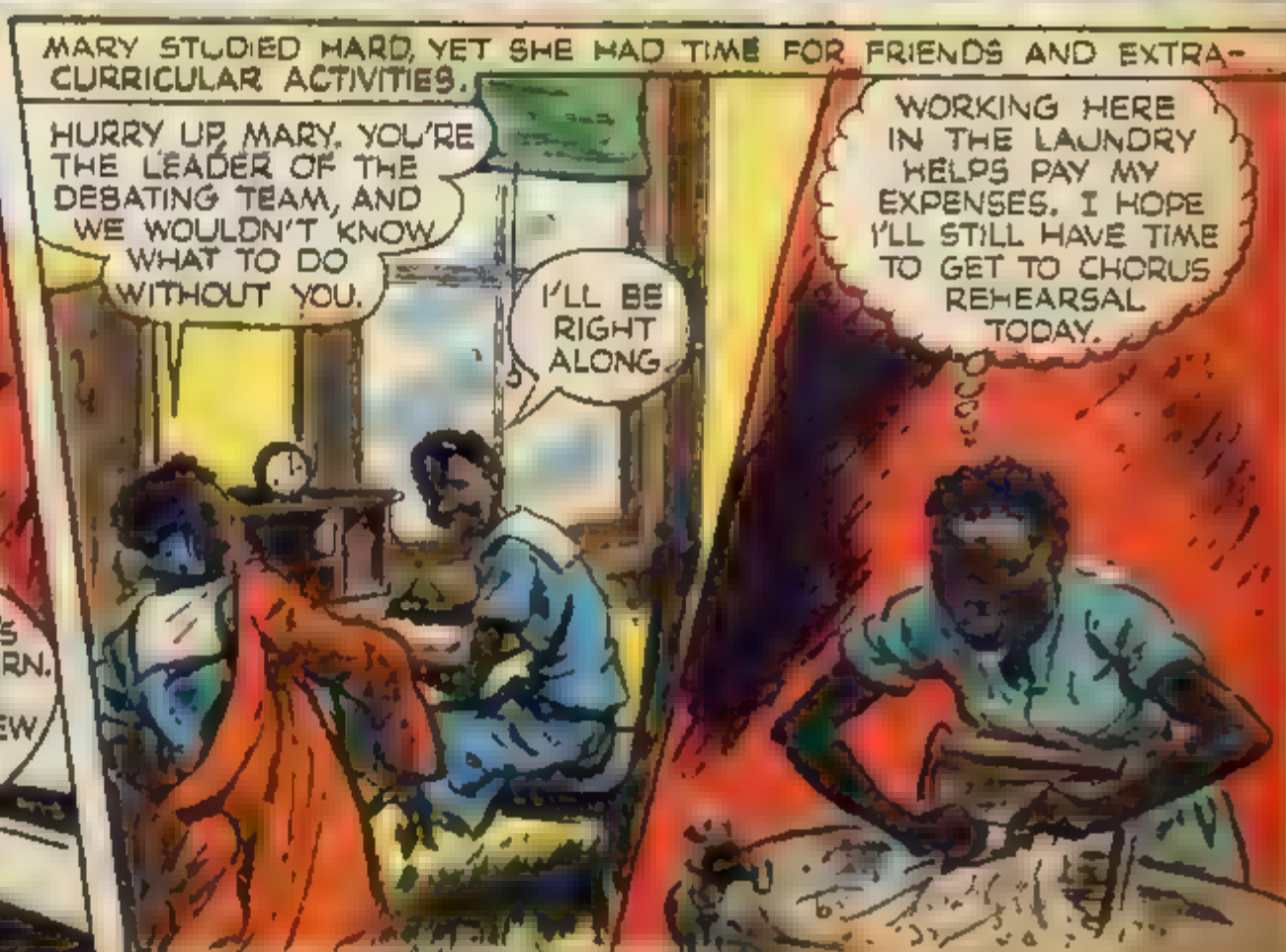
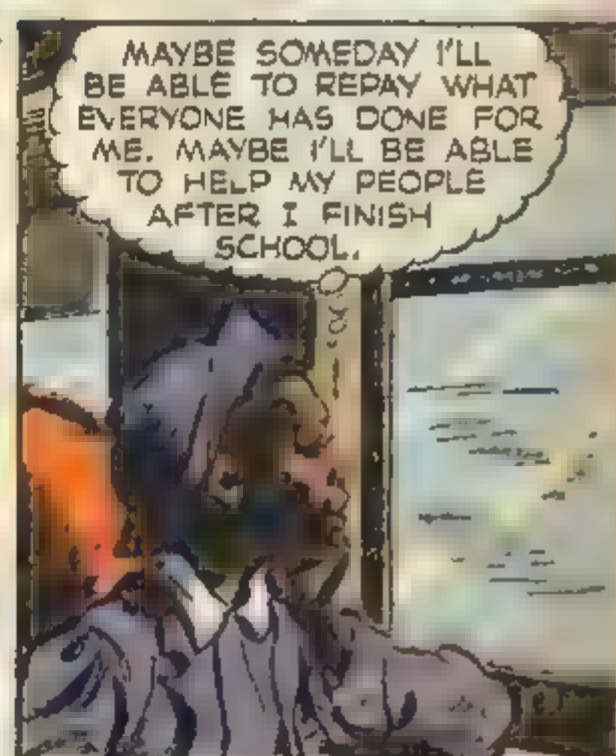
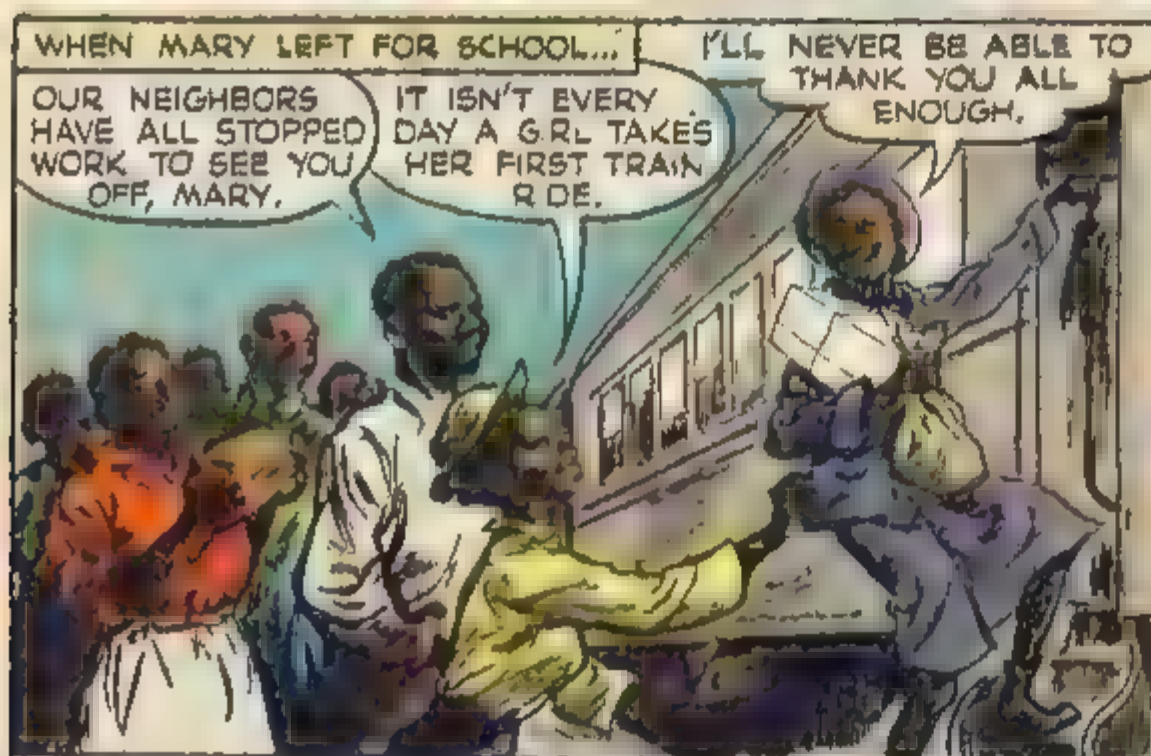
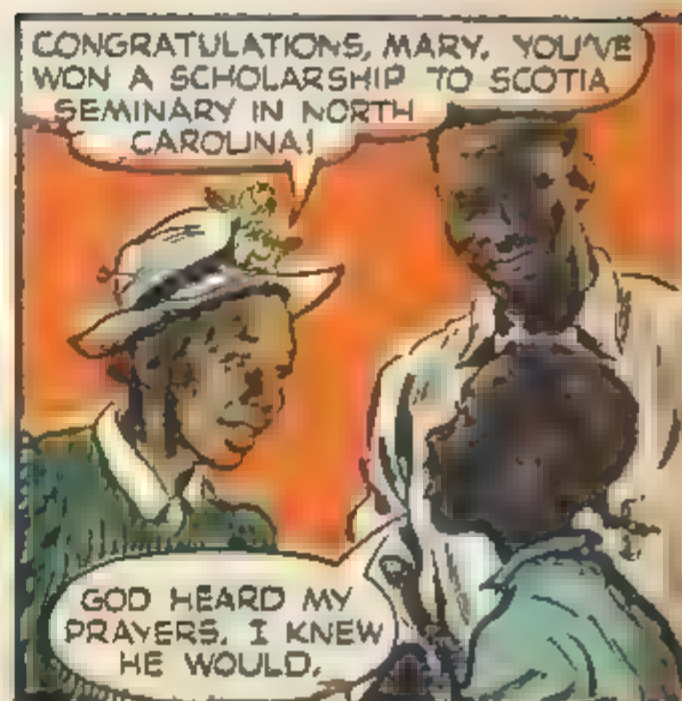
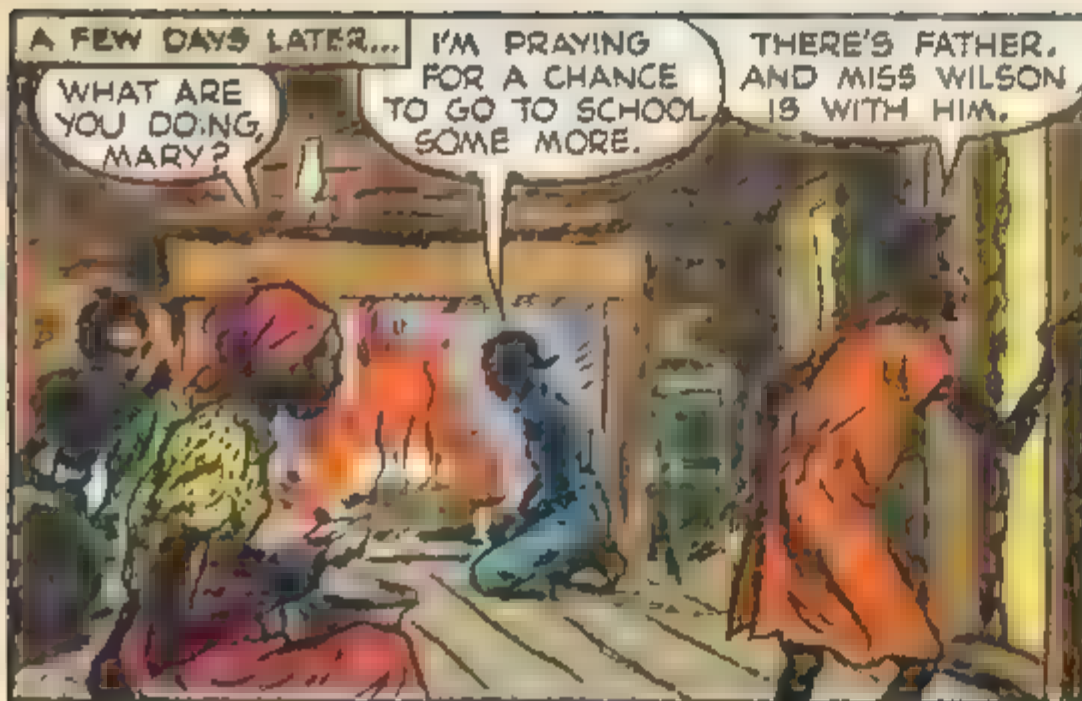
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



When writing to advertisers, please mention **CALLING ALL GIRLS**

BELOVED TEACHER





AND WHEN MARY WAS GRADUATED FROM SCOTIA...

YOU'VE REALLY EARNED THAT DIPLOMA, MARY. WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS NOW?

I WANT TO TEACH, TO PASS MY KNOWLEDGE ON TO THE REST OF MY PEOPLE.

FOR A FEW YEARS THINGS WENT HAPPILY FOR MARY. SHE FOUND A TEACHING POSITION AND MARRIED A FELLOW TEACHER. BUT THEN ONE DAY MARY FACED A PERSONAL TRAGEDY IN THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND.

HOW WILL YOU SUPPORT YOURSELF AND YOUR SON NOW, MRS. BETHUNE?

I COULD GO ON TEACHING HERE AS I DID WHEN MY HUSBAND WAS ALIVE, BUT I HAVE A BETTER PLAN.

SO MARY MOVED TO FLORIDA IN 1904...

I HAVE ONLY \$1.65, BUT I WANT TO OPEN A SCHOOL OF MY OWN.

I'LL LEND YOU THE COTTAGE, MRS. BETHUNE, BUT WITH NO MONEY OR SUPPLIES, I'M AFRAID YOUR SCHOOL WILL FAIL.

OUR PEOPLE MUST LEARN TO READ AND WRITE, BUT THEY MUST LEARN SIMPLE THINGS, TOO: TO FARM, TO MAKE DECENT HOMES, TO KEEP CLEAN AND HEALTHY.

WHY ARE WE MASHING ELDERBERRIES?

MARY SUBSTITUTED INGENUITY FOR MONEY.

THE ELDERBERRY JUICE WILL BE OUR INK; THESE BURNED SPLINTERS OUR PENCILS.

MAMMY SAYS WE'RE MAKING OUR OWN SUPPLIES.

WILL YOU TAKE BOARDING STUDENTS HERE, MRS. BETHUNE?

YES, INDEED, OUR MATTRESSES ARE CORN SACKS STUFFED WITH MOSS, BUT THEY ARE COMFORTABLE.

WHERE ORIGINALITY FAILED, MIRACLES STEPPED IN.

I'M SORRY, I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANY MORE CREDIT, MRS. BETHUNE.

BUT MY PUPILS MUST EAT!

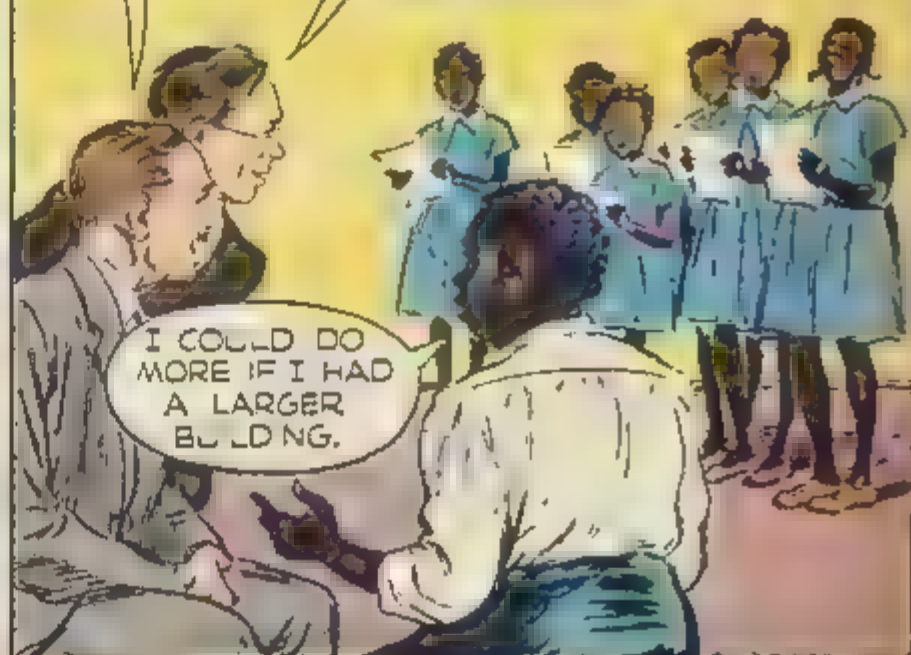
HERE'S FOUR DOLLARS, MRS. BETHUNE. WE OWE IT TO YOU FOR TEACHING US TO READ AND WRITE LAST YEAR.



YOUR PLPLS SING BEAUTIFULLY.

YOU'VE ACCOMPLISHED WONDERS WITH VERY LITTLE, MRS. BETHUNE.

I COULD DO MORE IF I HAD A LARGER BUILDING.



AND FINALLY SHE HAD ENOUGH TO MAKE A DOWN-PAYMENT ON SOME "LAND"!

SO YOU BOUGHT THIS CITY DUMP, MRS. BETHUNE, AND NOW YOU'RE TURNING IT INTO A SCHOOL.

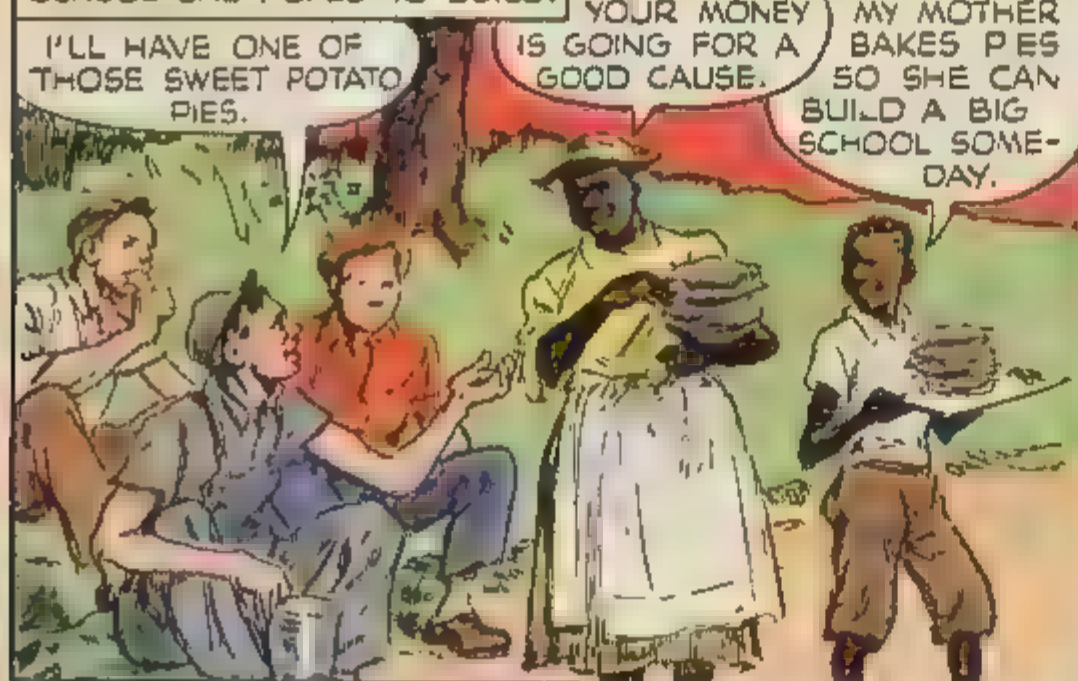
YES. TOUR STS AND BUSNESS MEN HAVE PROMISED TO HELP ME.

MARY BETHUNE WORKED STEADILY TO RAISE MONEY FOR THE SCHOOL SHE HOPED TO BUILD.

I'LL HAVE ONE OF THOSE SWEET POTATO PIES.

YOUR MONEY IS GOING FOR A GOOD CAUSE.

MY MOTHER BAKES PIES SO SHE CAN BUILD A BIG SCHOOL SOME-DAY.



BETHUNE COLLEGE GREW THROUGH THE YEARS UNTIL, IN 1922, IT MERGED WITH COOKMAN COLLEGE, A BOYS' SCHOOL. MARY'S CHILDHOOD DREAM HAD COME TRUE.

BUT FAITH ALONE HAS GUIDED ME THROUGH THESE MANY YEARS OF HARDSHIP, SO THE FIRST BUILDING AT BETHUNE COLLEGE WILL BE CALLED FAITH HALL.



MARY HAD WON THE RIGHT TO SPEAK FOR ALL HER PEOPLE.

THE AMERICAN NEGRO WANTS WHAT EVERY OTHER AMERICAN WANTS—
RESPECT AND JUSTICE—
A SQUARE DEAL.



AND THEN ONE DAY...

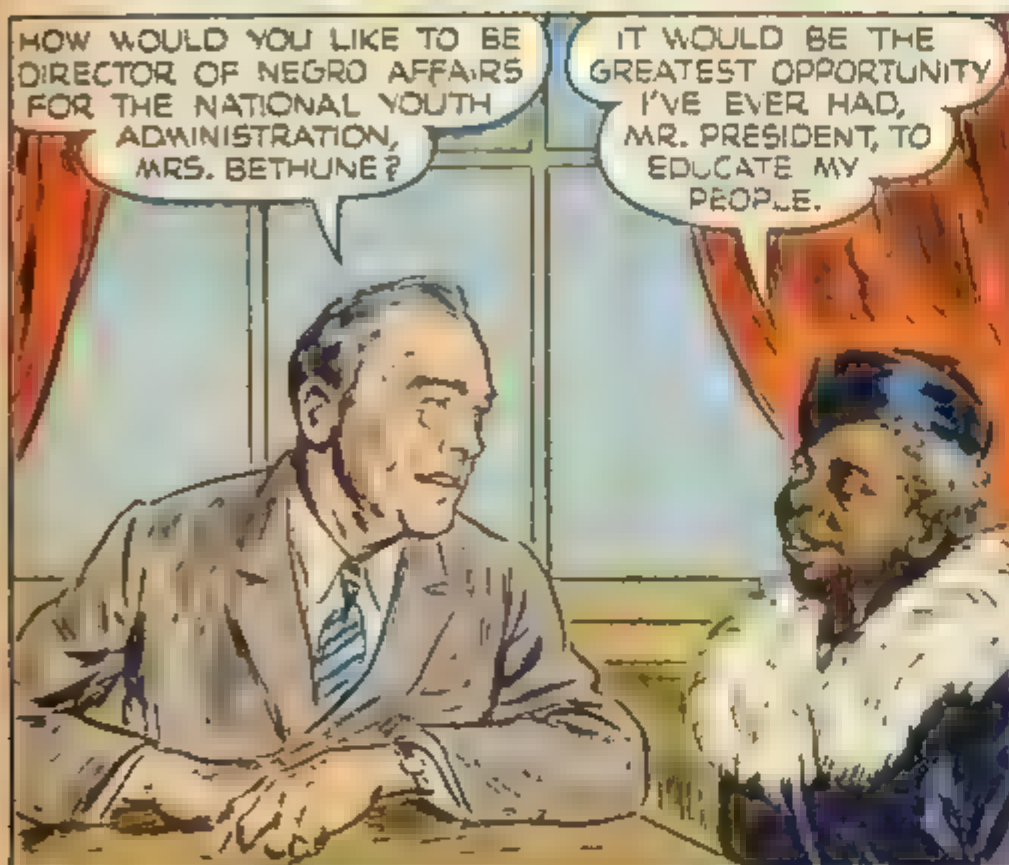
A TELEGRAM CAME FROM THE WHITE HOUSE, MRS. BETHUNE. PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT WANTS TO SEE YOU.

THIS IS AN HONOR I NEVER EXPECTED. I MUST LEAVE AT ONCE.



HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE DIRECTOR OF NEGRO AFFAIRS FOR THE NATIONAL YOUTH ADMINISTRATION, MRS. BETHUNE?

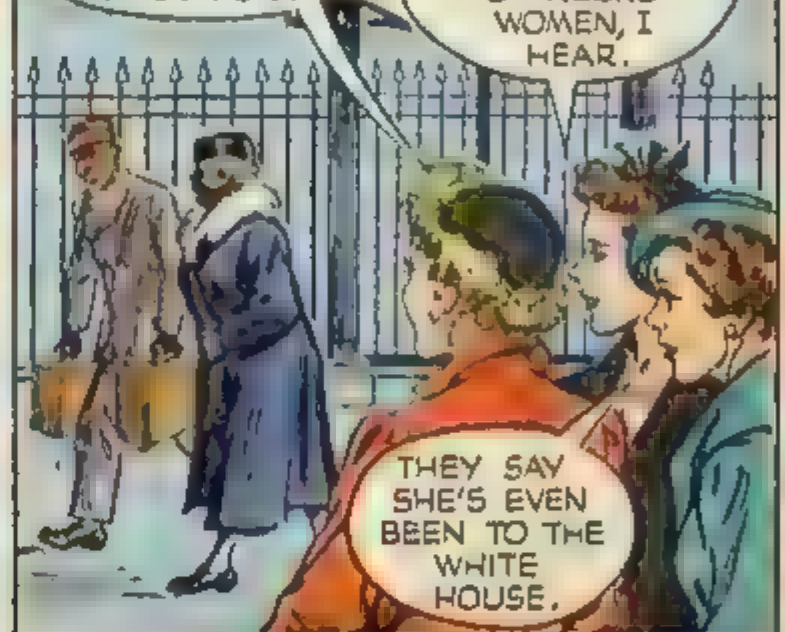
IT WOULD BE THE GREATEST OPPORTUNITY I'VE EVER HAD, MR. PRESIDENT, TO EDUCATE MY PEOPLE.



THROUGH THE YEARS MARY'S PRESTIGE GREW AS SHE BROADENED HER ACTIVITIES.

ISN'T THAT MARY BETHUNE, THE WELL-KNOWN COLORED EDUCATOR?

YES. SHE'S ORGANIZING A NATIONAL COUNCIL OF NEGRO WOMEN, I HEAR.



THEY SAY SHE'S EVEN BEEN TO THE WHITE HOUSE.

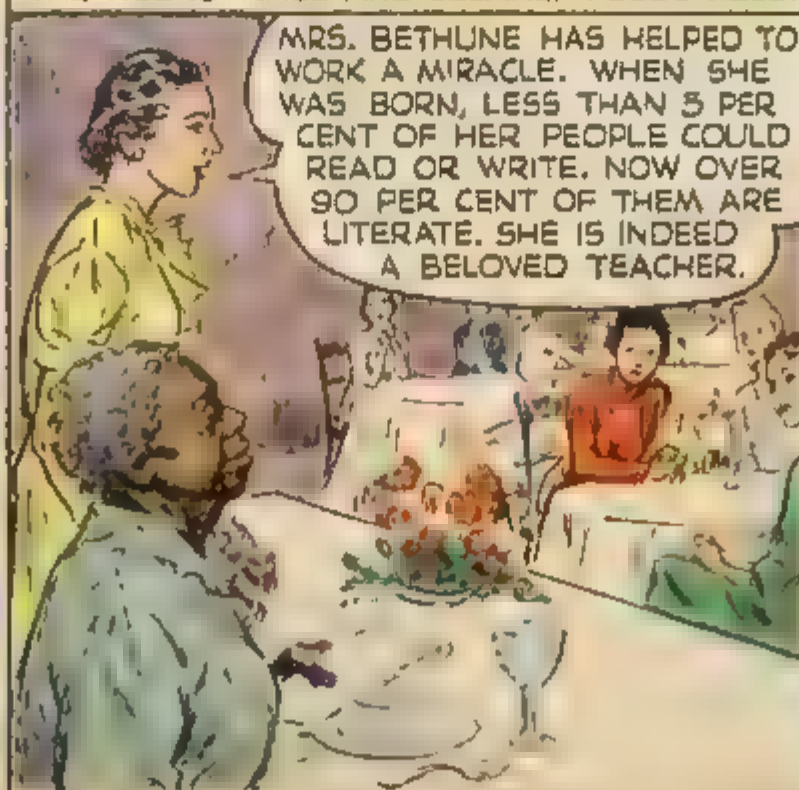
WHERE ARE YOU BOUND FOR THIS TRIP, MRS. BETHUNE?

THERE'S A CONFERENCE IN NEW YORK. I'M SCHEDULED TO SPEAK THERE.



TODAY MRS. BETHUNE'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE NEGRO RACE ARE CLEARLY RECOGNIZED.

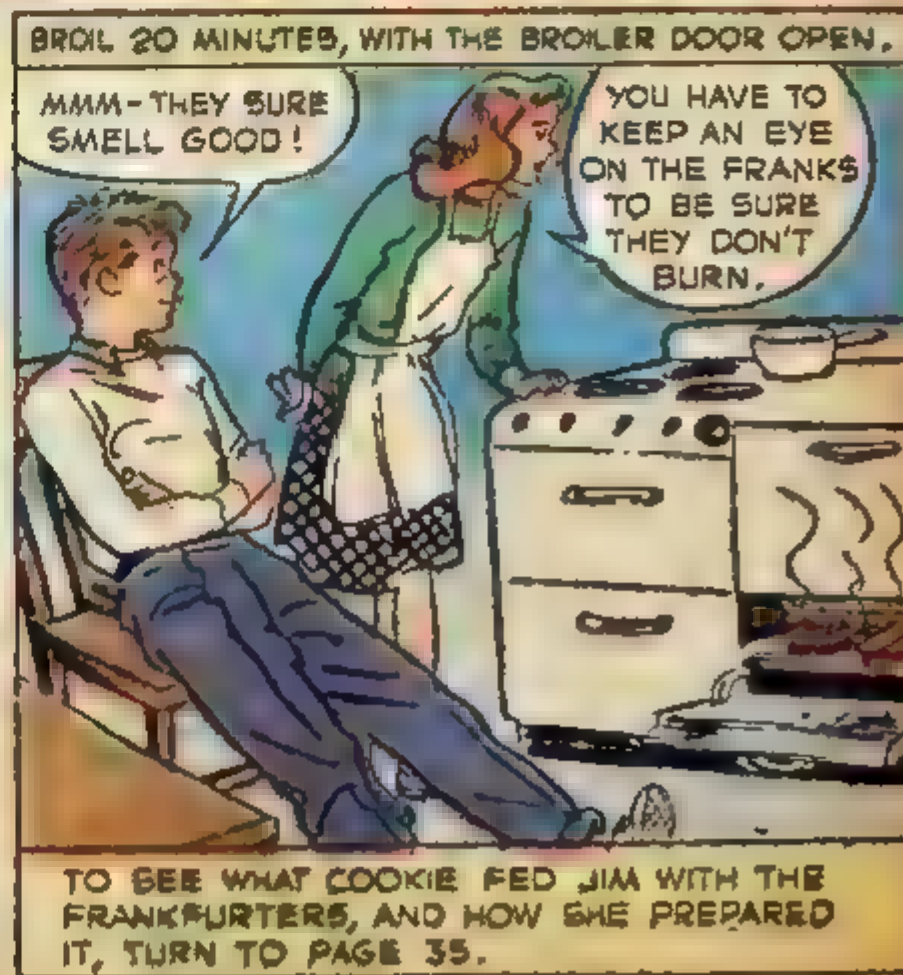
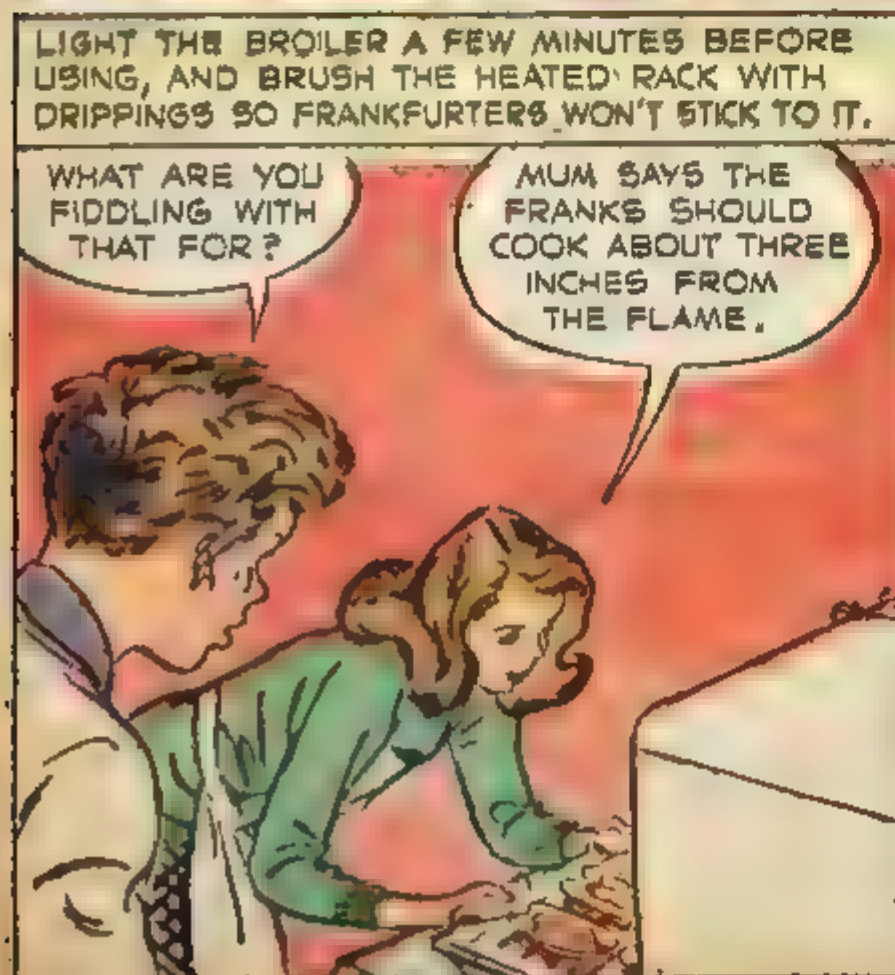
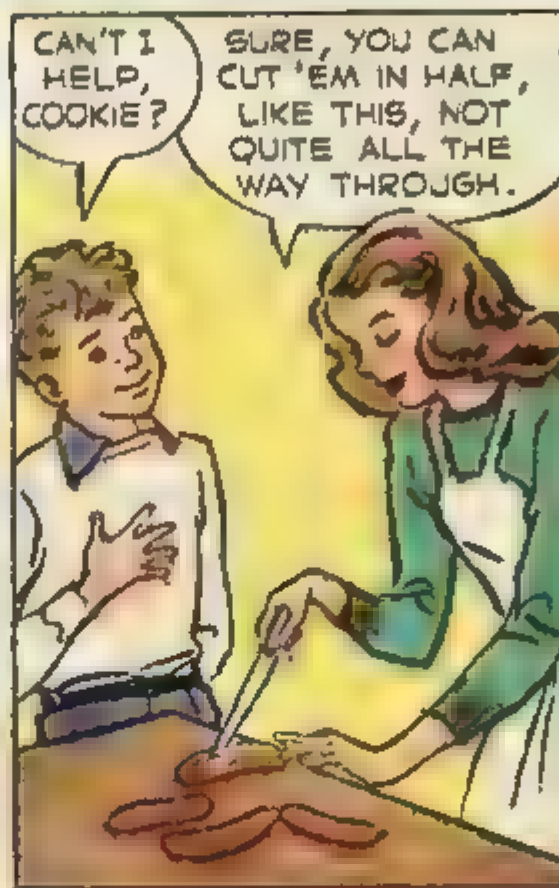
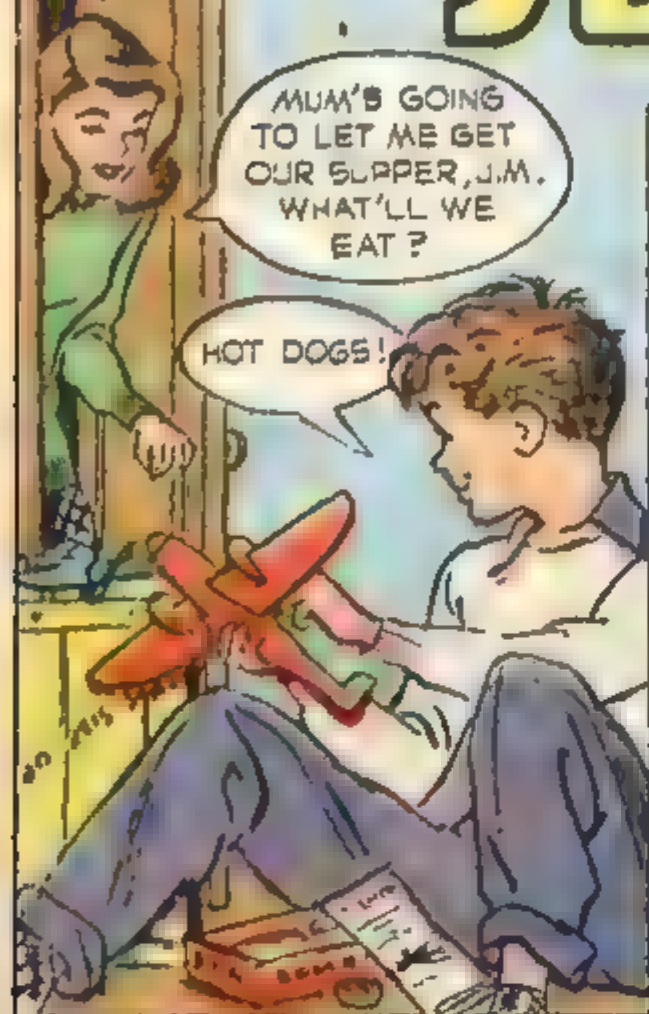
MRS. BETHUNE HAS HELPED TO WORK A MIRACLE. WHEN SHE WAS BORN, LESS THAN 5 PER CENT OF HER PEOPLE COULD READ OR WRITE. NOW OVER 90 PER CENT OF THEM ARE LITERATE. SHE IS INDEED A BELOVED TEACHER.



THE ODDS AGAINST THE NEGRO ARE STILL GREAT, BUT THROUGH EDUCATION WE'RE DRAWING EVER CLOSER TO OUR GOAL OF EQUALITY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL.



COOKIE COOKS A SUPER-SUPPER



ON THE AIR

The Story of
Communication
Through Space

1844—In Washington, D. C., a group of statesmen gathered to watch Samuel F. B. Morse—who claimed he could send a message to Baltimore, Md. — through a wire Morse tapped out the message on a telegraph key. Then his assistant in Baltimore, Alfred Vail, clicked back the message, word for word! The astonished statesmen heard the first long-distance message sent by electricity... "W-H-A-T-H-A-T-H G-O-D W-R-O-U-G-H-T"

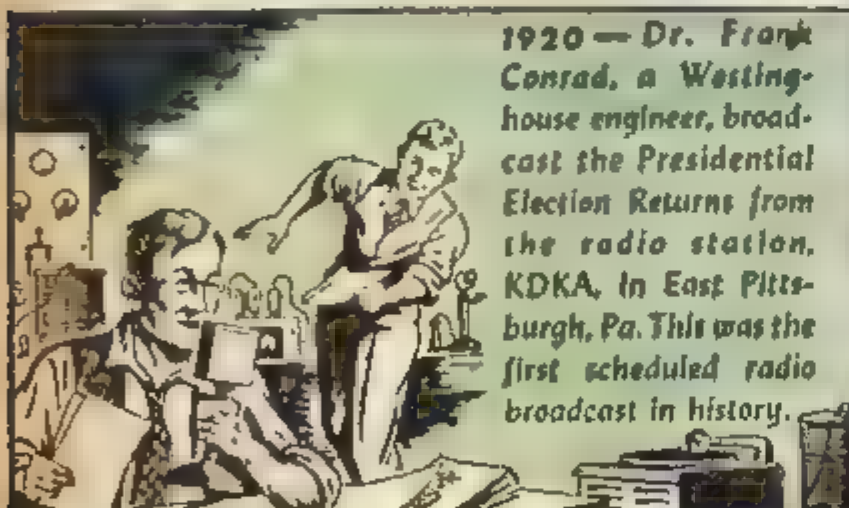


1876—Alexander Graham Bell, while trying to send his voice over a wire, called to his assistant: "Mr. Watson, come here . . ." Watson, hearing the words through a receiver, rushed in to tell Bell his telephone really worked!

1887—Heinrich Hertz showed that waves, from an electric spark, produced a spark in a nearby wire loop. Hertz proved that electricity could be sent through space—without wires!



1901—Guglielmo Marconi used the principle discovered by Hertz in developing the wireless telegraph. In 1901, Marconi startled the world by sending the letter "S" from England to Newfoundland.



1920 — Dr. Frank Conrad, a Westinghouse engineer, broadcast the Presidential Election Returns from the radio station, KDKA, in East Pittsburgh, Pa. This was the first scheduled radio broadcast in history.



TODAY — Radio broadcasting, starting at station KDKA, now brings news, music, and entertainment into millions of homes — and to our fighting men all over the world.



TOMORROW—will bring the greatest gift of all —TELEVISION! You will be able to see Hollywood Stars, plays, football games in your own living room. Many of these programs will be broadcast from Westinghouse television stations.



And you may live to see the day when you will carry a tiny radio station around with you. Then you can radio home from wherever you are and say: "Hello, Mom! I'm bringing a friend home for dinner tonight!"

FREE BOOKLET . . . Would you like to learn the complete Story of Communication Through Space? Send for "Eyes and Ears for the Millions"—which tells all about the telegraph, telephone, radio, and television! Write: School Service (CAG-45), Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, Box 1017, Pittsburgh 30, Pa.

See in JOHN CHARLES THOMAS—Sunday 2:30, EWT, NBC
TED MALONE—Mon. Tues. Wed. Evening, Blue Network

Westinghouse

PLANTS IN 25 CITIES OFFICES EVERYWHERE

When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS.

SHADES of the gay nineties—the striped blazer is back again! No wonder you've made it your very own—it's the perfect wear-with-all for spring and summer. Look for blazer-striped jackets, sweaters, and "T" shirts in your favorite teen department. It's a safe bet that no one will have to look for YOU when you wear them!

Well, twirl my mustache and call me "Beaver," if it isn't "Blazer Blade," the pin Wertheley designed especially for this page and for your lapel. His yours for a dollar.



Red, white, and blue striped woolen blazer jacket by Derby. Cardigan style, of course. Sew two colors of ribbon together for a blazer-striped hairband.

BLAZER DAZE



How to be a star in stripes—wear a blazer-striped wool sweater. It's a Gem by Regina, and it looks like a fad.



Look out—they're running all around you! What's? Broad blazer stripes, of course, in a lacy cotton-knit shirt by Regina. It washes like a hankie, it's easy on the budget.

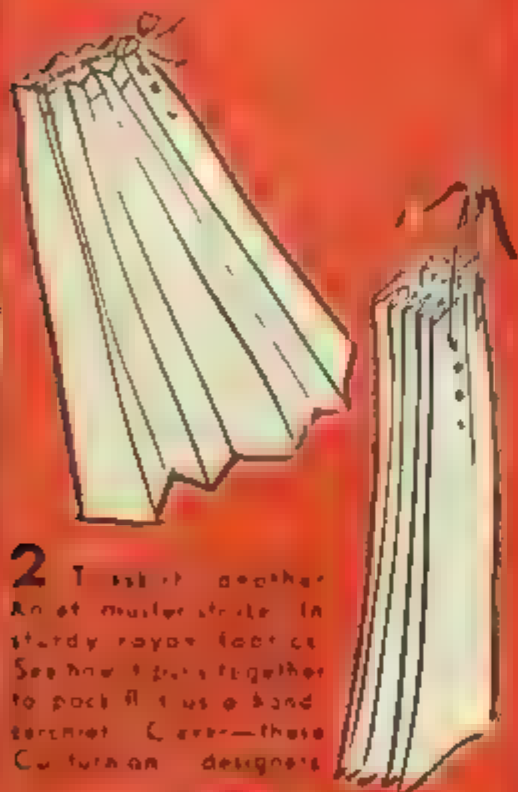


The famous Dee-Gee cotton-knit "T" shirt subscribes to blazer stripes in front. Back and sleeves are plain navy in "looper" style.

Wear your blazer with ...



1 T-shirt by Kerst of California with stitched permanent pleats. Pull it together for waist and poching—just like the T-shirt, sketched below.



2 T-shirt, another Kerst masterpiece. In sturdy rayon fabric. See how it puts together to poach it as a band kerchief. C. Kerst—these California designers.



3 Twirl around in these pleated bell-bottom shorts and see them flare out like a dancer's skirt. Just what you've been looking for if your figure and tight-fitting shorts don't agree. Find them at the teen department of Macy's. Headquarters. See store listed on opposite page.

COOKIE COOKS A SUPER SUPPER

(Continued from page 32)

THE rest of the menu matters a lot with strong-flavored food like hot dogs. Cookie worked out a handy combination, easy to do, good with franks, and sure to produce cheers from Jim:

Frankfurters Sauerkraut
Pan-fried Potatoes
Gingerbread & Applesauce

Sauerkraut

Open the can, turn the contents into a saucepan, set over low heat, cover, and cook until hot. Then drain and serve.

Pan-Fried Potatoes

Heat a heavy frying pan and melt in it 2 tablespoons of fat. Turn into the pan 1 cup of sliced, cold, boiled potatoes. Sprinkle with salt and turn frequently till the potatoes are an even light brown.

If there are no cold cooked potatoes in the icebox, bake some instead of frying. It will take about 40 minutes at 450°. Then take them out, break them, and set them where they will get the heat from the open broiler to keep hot while you do the franks.

Gingerbread

If Cookie made her gingerbread from one of the splendid prepared mixes, she simply mixed according to instructions, put the gingerbread in the oven with the

potatoes, set the temperature according to directions on the package, and turned the oven up to finish the potatoes after the gingerbread was done. If she had gingerbread already made, she reheated it by turning the oven off, setting the gingerbread in, and letting it stand in the cooling oven while she and Jim ate their supper.

If she started her gingerbread from scratch, she mixed 1 cup of dark molasses with ½ cup of boiling water. She mixed and then sifted together: 2¼ cups flour, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon ginger, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon salt, and ¼ teaspoon cloves. She mixed this into the molasses and water, added 4 teaspoons of melted shortening, turned it into a buttered shallow pan, and baked it for 30 to 40 minutes in a moderate oven.

The applesauce came out of a can, went between the two split halves of a square of gingerbread, and was piled around sides and top to finish off the dessert.

What else could Cookie have done with those dogs? Do you know the tricks with shoes, with bacon, with sauerkraut, with apples, with a good hot Creole sauce? How about sending a stamped addressed envelope for "Fancy Franks," to Junior Housekeeping, Department 18, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 32 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

DOUBLE EXPOSURE MYSTERY

(Continued from page 18)

of years in prison as an accessory after the fact?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," Pop said, but he sounded frightened.

"Oh, I think you do. We've caught up with Chuck this time. And I can't say I'm sorry."

"I'm getting out of here," Chuck said loudly. "If you had anything on me, you'd say what it was. You're just trying to trip me. But I don't trip easy."

"Wait a minute." Claggett fastened an iron grip on Chuck's shoulder. "I was taking my time to let Pop here change his mind. Pop, I know you've watched all these kids grow up, and you hate to think badly of them. But I've got to warn you: Chuck left a fingerprint in McCord's shop, and fingerprints don't lie, you know." He said

himself he never went in there to buy flowers—so he must have been in there for some other reason. You don't owe Chuck any favors, Pop. Was he in your place all Monday evening?"

After that everything happened fast. Chuck reached for the door handle as Pop, white-faced and round-eyed, said, "No, he wasn't with me. But when he asked me to say . . ."

"Shut up!" Chuck shouted, and aimed a clenched fist at Pop's quivering jaw.

He threw himself against the door then, and the catch gave. In another instant he was halfway across the sidewalk.

"He's getting away!" Gilly screamed.

And then Doug threw himself in a long, vaulting leap, caught Chuck's flying legs between his



"You and Doug." The words echoed pleasantly in Gilly's head. She looked at Doug.

arms, and they fell together with a jarring crash.

In a split second Claggett had crossed the wide sidewalk. He lifted Chuck to his feet and shoved him against the wall. Doug let go as Claggett jerked the man up. The boy and the policeman worked together like the well-trained members of a champion football team.

"Nice tackle," Claggett said calmly, as he snapped shut a pair of handcuffs.

Gilly looked over his head at Doug.

"Are you all right?" Her voice was shaking.

Doug grinned at her. Gilly thought for the twentieth time that it was, definitely, the nicest grin she had ever seen.

"Phone the station, will you, Doug?" Claggett asked. "I can't drive the car when I'm tied up like this." And he raised the wrist that was attached to Chuck's by a heavy metal chain.

"Sure," Doug hurried off.

"You think you're smart, don't you?" Chuck muttered.

"No, not particularly." Claggett looked once more like just a nice, easy-going young man. "But your niece here—you remember your niece, don't you?—well, she's kind of a smart girl.

And a good photographer—even if she does take double exposures."

The benefit showing of the candid camera contest pictures was a great success. Everybody congratulated Doug for his prize-winning shot of a mailman; and Gilly won the second prize for her study of the traffic cop at Clinton's main intersection. But the crowd gathered most thickly around a big confused print that wasn't a recognizable portrait of anybody.

GIRL'S DOUBLE EXPOSURE EXPOSES DOUBLE THEFTS

the headlines had read the day before, and it had been at the express desire of the contest committee that Gilly's "shame," as she called it, was exhibited to the public.

"I'll never be able to hold my head up again," Gilly murmured, eying it. Then she looked around the hall at the man whose restaurant had been robbed and who had come especially to thank her for her part in tracking down the thief; at her parents, beaming on her proudly; at Patrolman Claggett,

present in his uniform, who had told her that he'd buy her a soda on the day he got his promotion; and finally at gently-smiling Mr. McCord. The florist went over to Claggett just then and held out his hand.

"You know," Gilly heard him say, "if there'd been police like you in the last town we lived in, we might never have moved."

Over his head Doug grinned at Gilly, and his mouth framed the words, "I'm glad we did." Then he touched his father's shoulder in farewell, and came over to join her.

Gilly fingered the petals of the big gold chrysanthemum Doug had pinned to her collar earlier in the evening and, contrary to her solemn statement of a few moments before, lifted her head still higher.

"Will you and Doug come over to my house tomorrow night?" a voice said in her ear, and she turned to see Cora, the girl whose suspicions had angered Gilly a few days before.

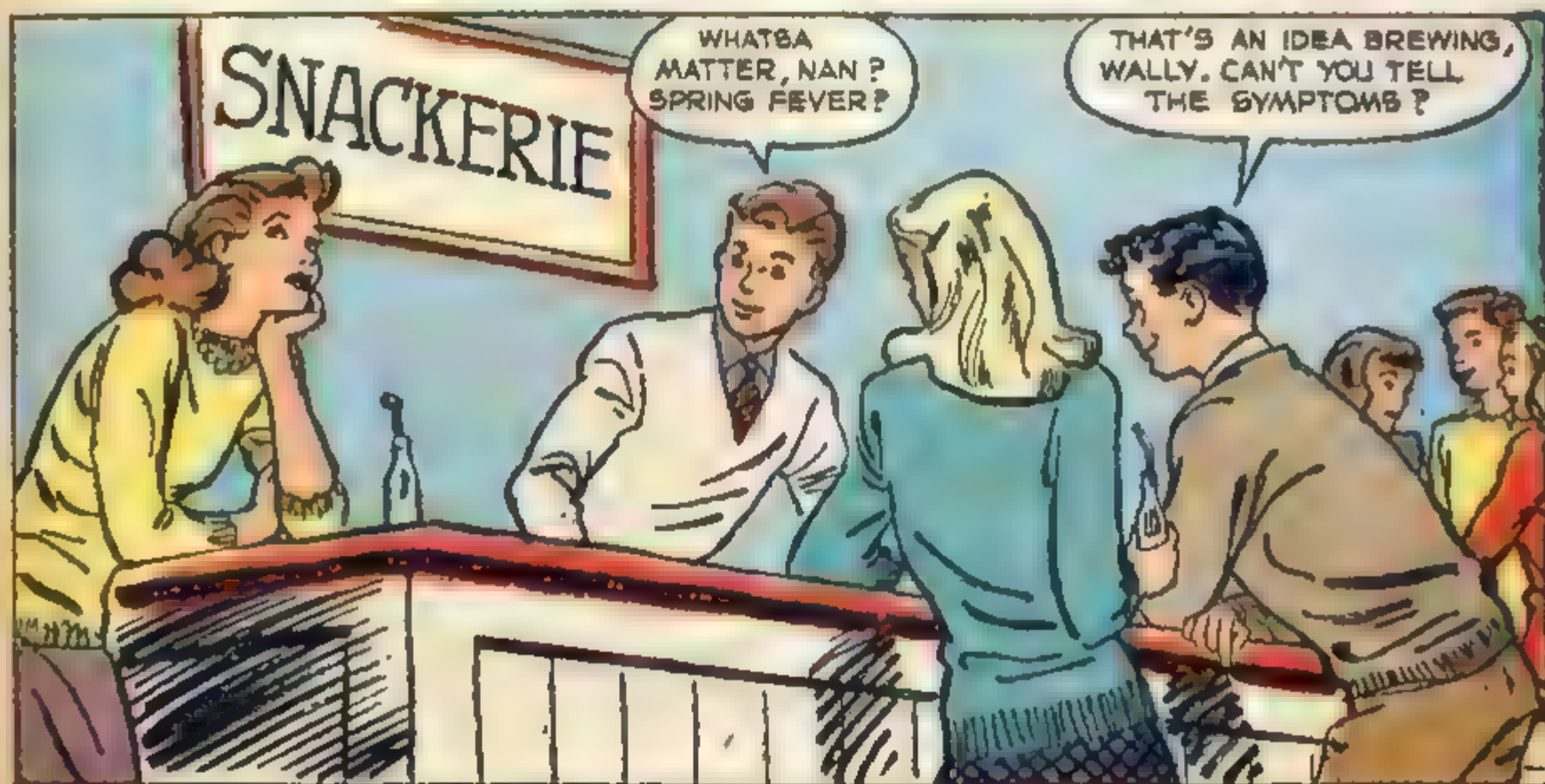
You and Doug. The words echoed pleasantly in her head. She looked at him questioningly, and he nodded.

"We'd like to," Gilly said quietly, and her eyes sparkled.

THE END

The VICTORY CLUB

EGGING ON THE BOYS



WHAT'S A
MATTER, NAN?
SPRING FEVER?

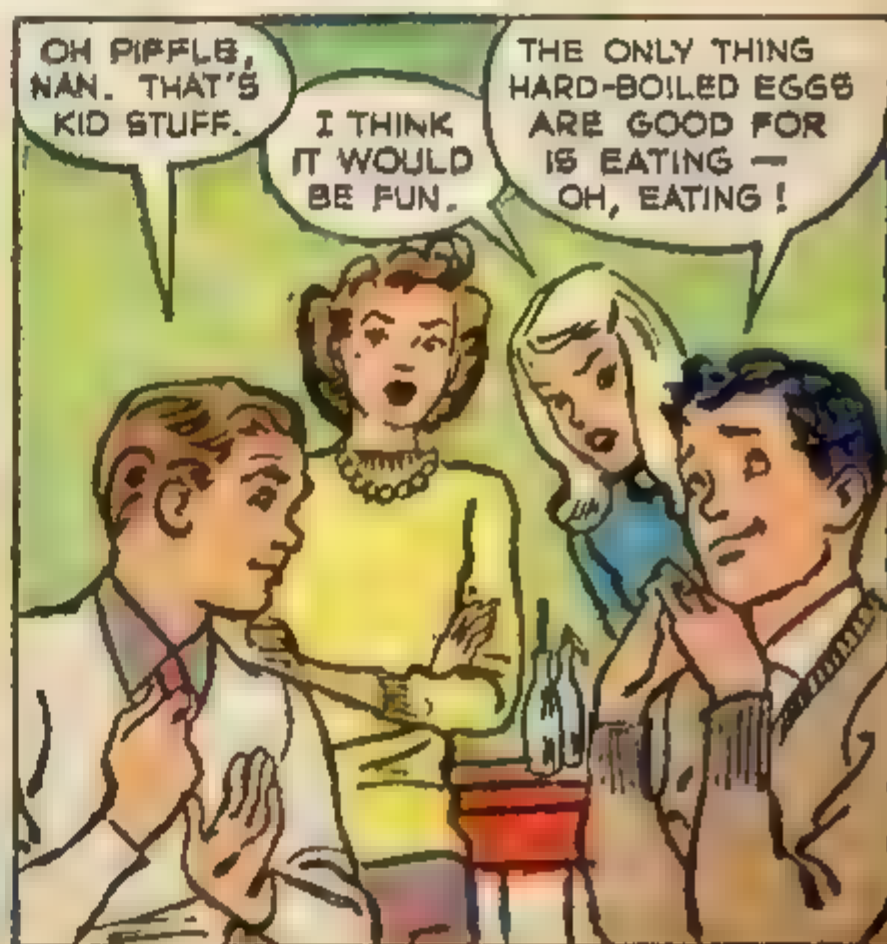
THAT'S AN IDEA BREWING,
WALLY. CAN'T YOU TELL
THE SYMPTOMS?



YOU'RE A MIND READER,
CHIP. I HAVE A HONEY OF
AN IDEA. LET'S HAVE AN
EASTER PARTY.

YOU MEAN
WITH DYED
EASTER EGGS, AND
EVERYTHING?

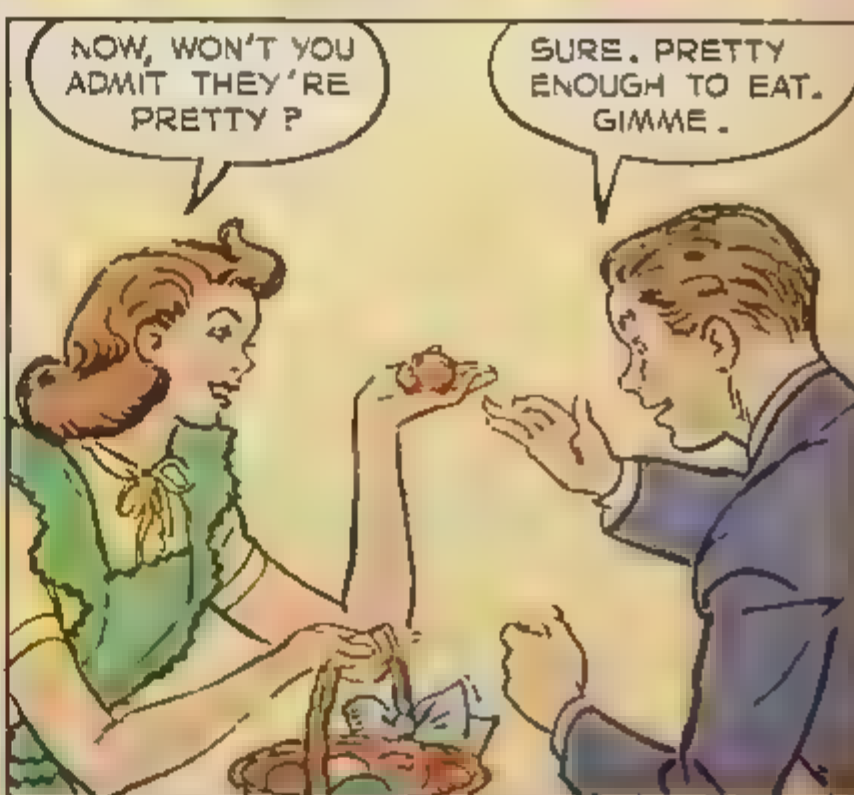
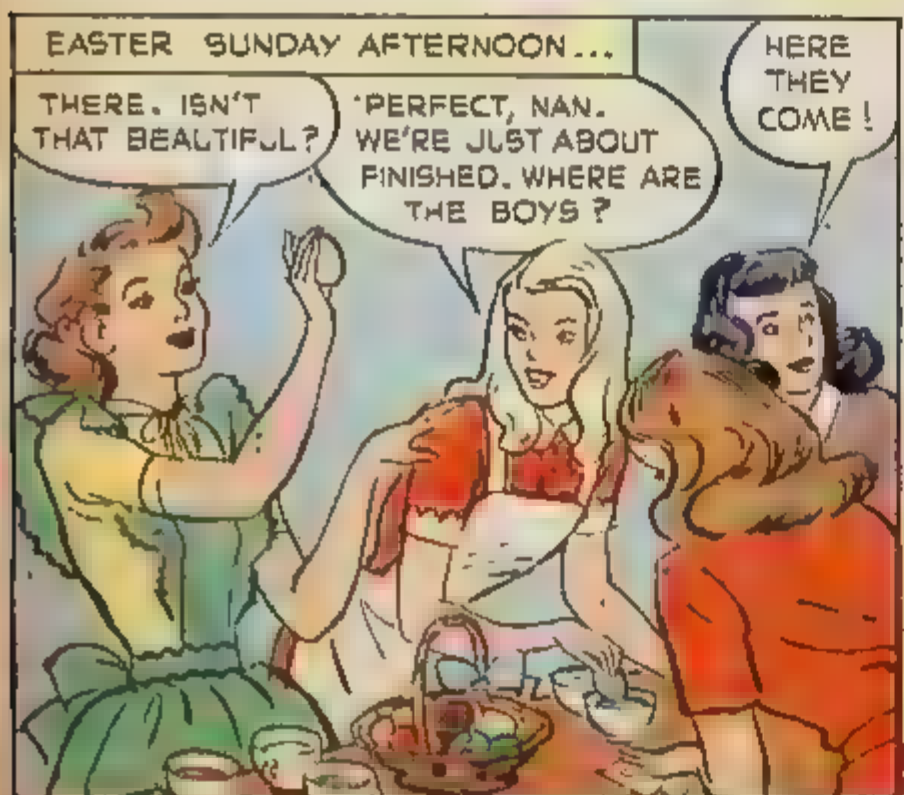
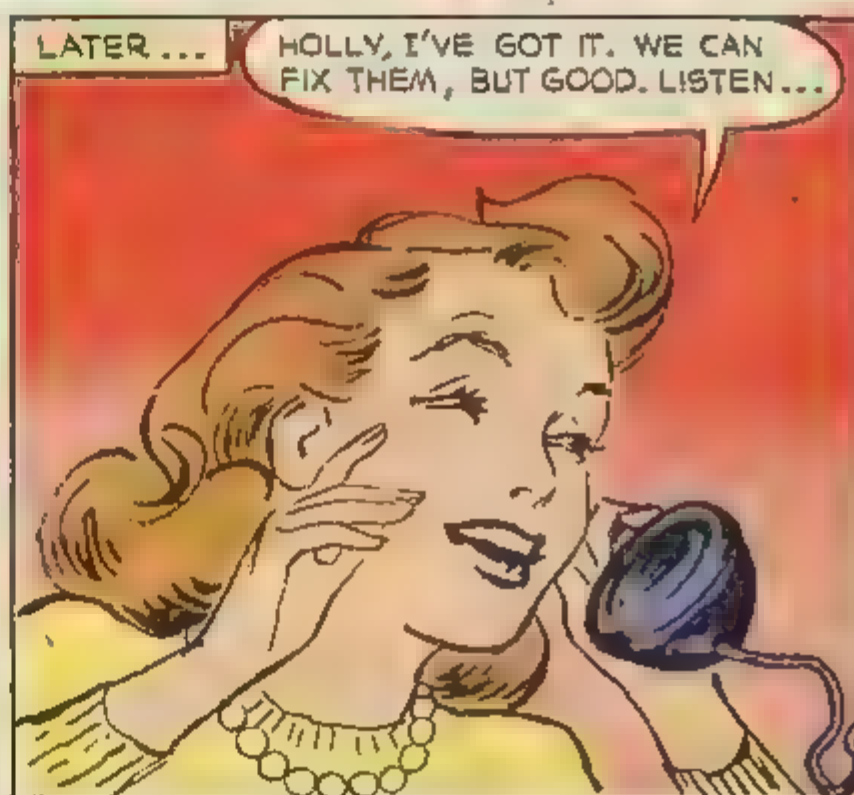
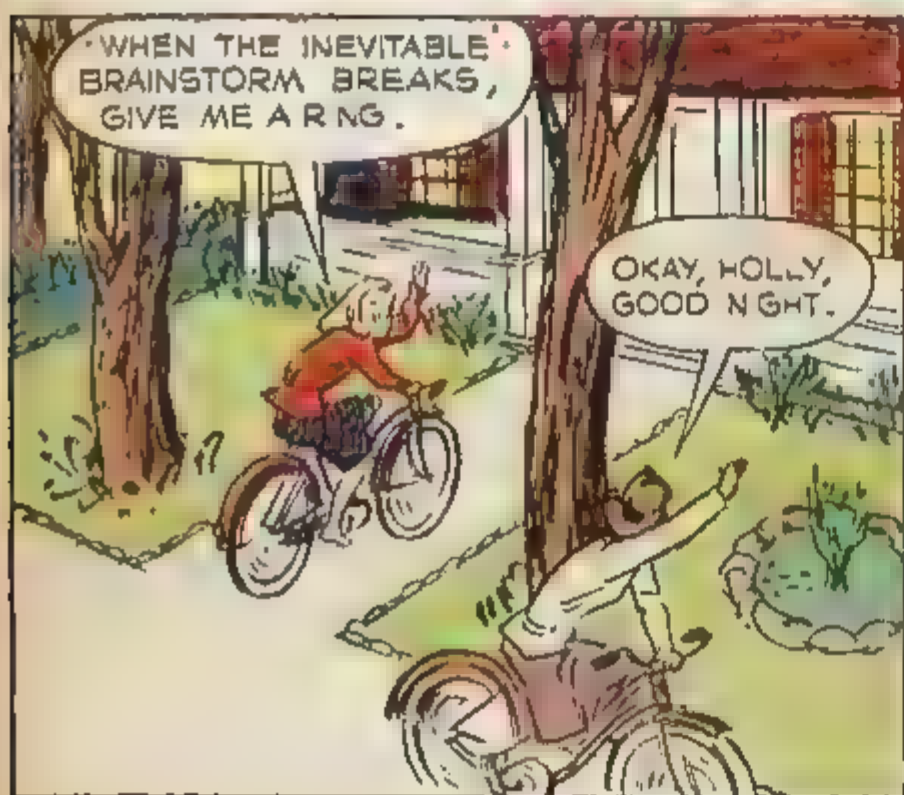
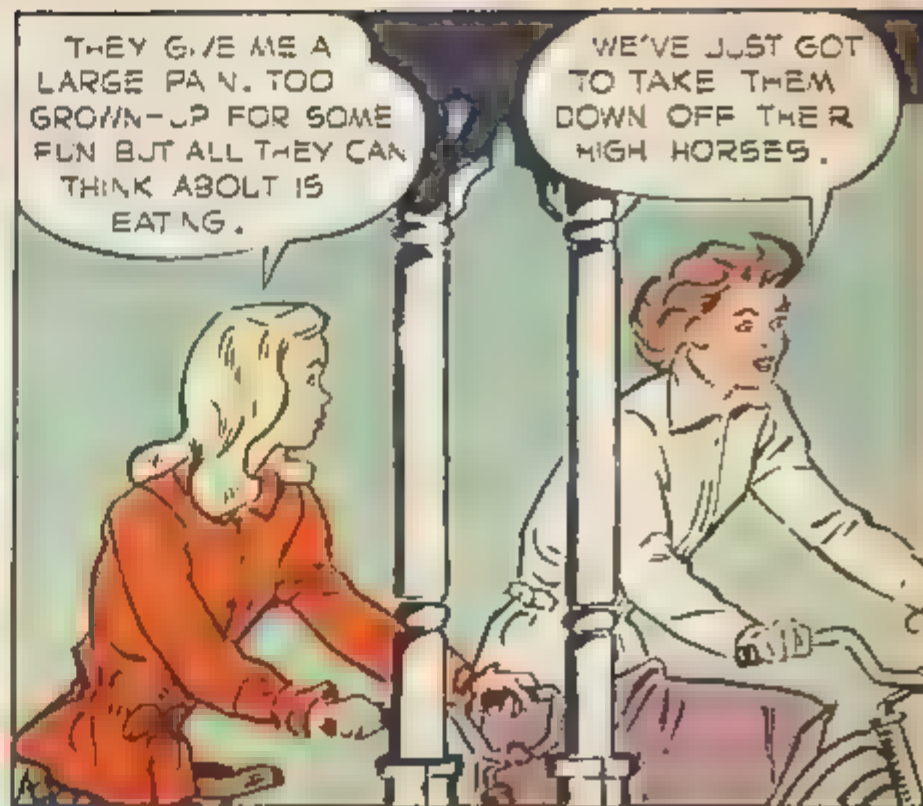
A MIND,
SHE CLAIMS!

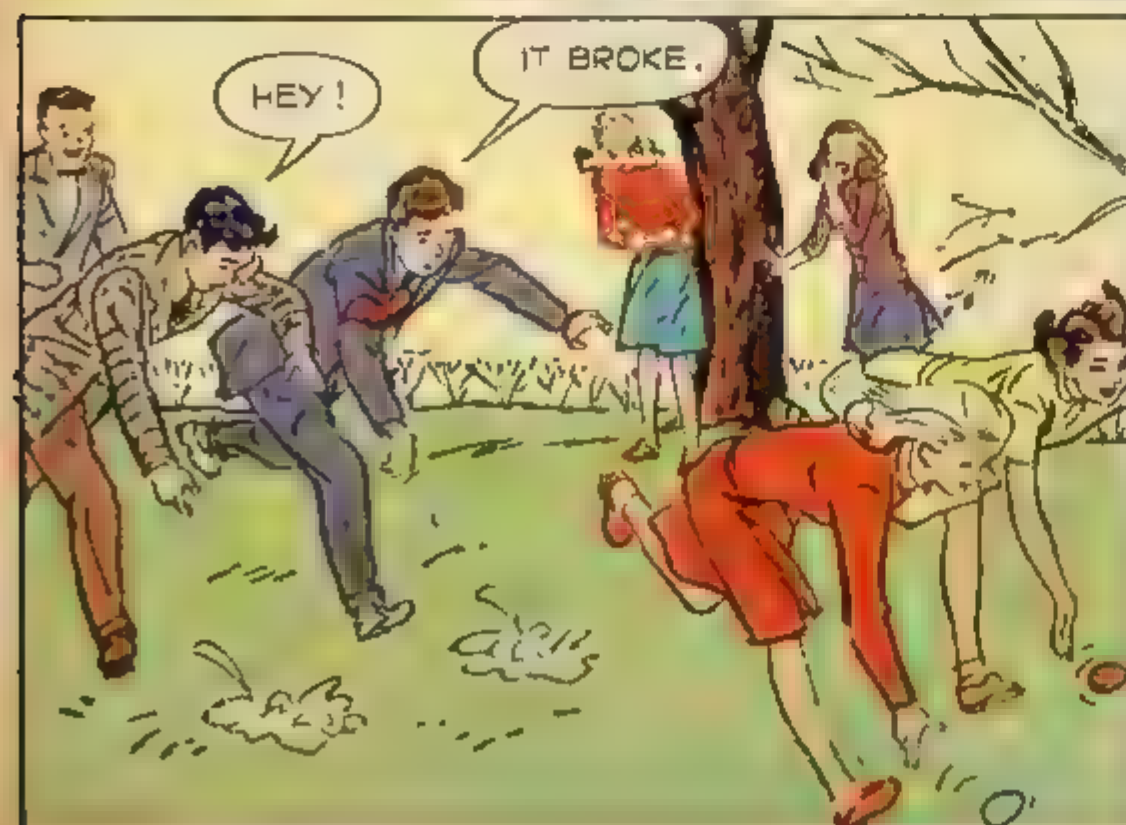
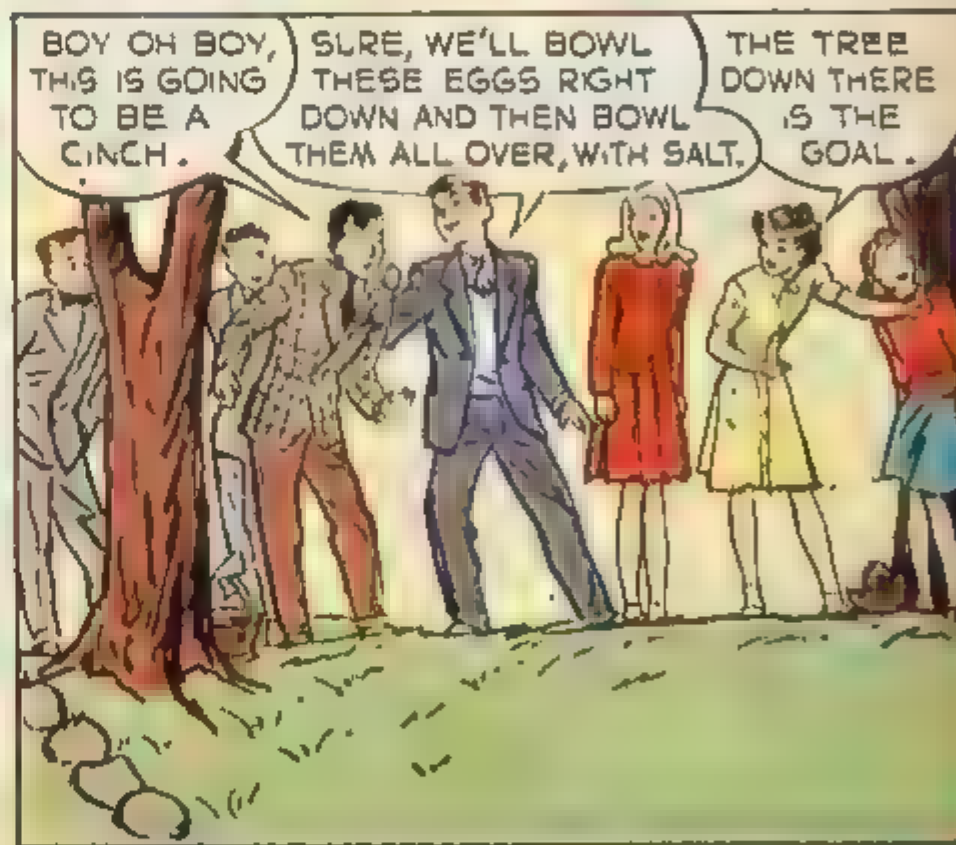
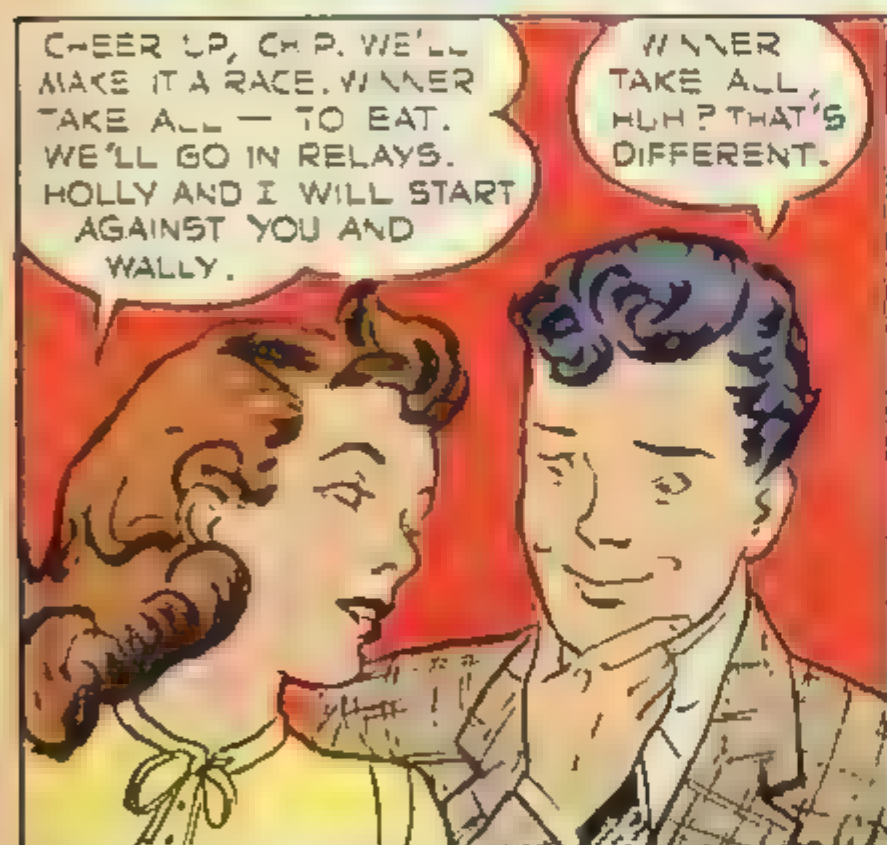


OH PIFFLE,
NAN. THAT'S
KID STUFF.

I THINK
IT WOULD
BE FUN.

THE ONLY THING
HARD-BOILED EGGS
ARE GOOD FOR
IS EATING —
OH, EATING!





WREN TO THE RESCUE

THE GIRLS OF THE BRITISH WOMEN'S ROYAL NAVAL SERVICE, FAMILIARLY CALLED WRENS, HAVE MANY TIMES PROVED THEIR LOYALTY AND BRAVERY. ELIZABETH GLEN BOOTH, OF LEEDS, ENGLAND, IS ONE OUTSTANDING EXAMPLE



ONE DAY LAST SUMMER, WHEN WREN BOOTH WAS STATIONED AT A ROYAL NAVAL AIR STATION AS A MOTOR TRANSPORT DRIVER ...

SIR, LISTEN! THAT PLANE OUT ON THE BOMBING RANGE SEEMS TO BE IN TROUBLE.

RIGHT YOU ARE. THE MOTOR'S MISSING.



HE'S GOING TO CRASH. I'LL HAVE TO GET OUT THERE.

MY TRUCK'S RIGHT HERE, SIR. I'LL DRIVE YOU.



WHEN THEY REACHED THE SCENE OF THE CRASH...



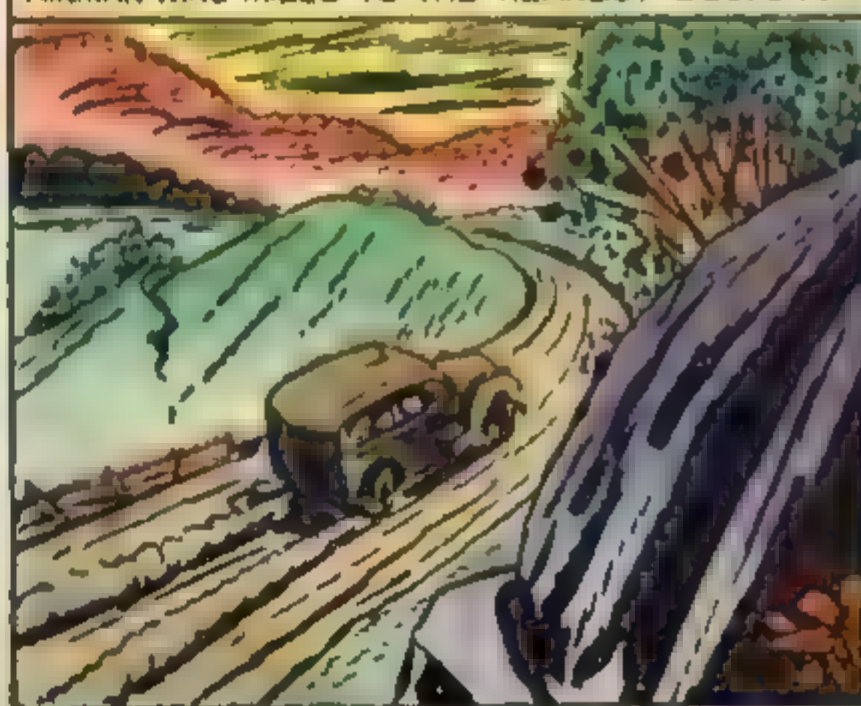
BUT ELIZABETH WAS NOT TO BE STOPPED!



WE MUST
GET HIM INTO
MY TRUCK.



DESPITE HER BURNS AND THE SHOCK SHE
HAD RECEIVED, ELIZABETH DROVE THE INJURED
AIRMAN NINE MILES TO THE NEAREST DOCTOR.



MISS BOOTH, COME
BACK! YOU NEED
MEDICAL ATTENTION
YOURSELF!

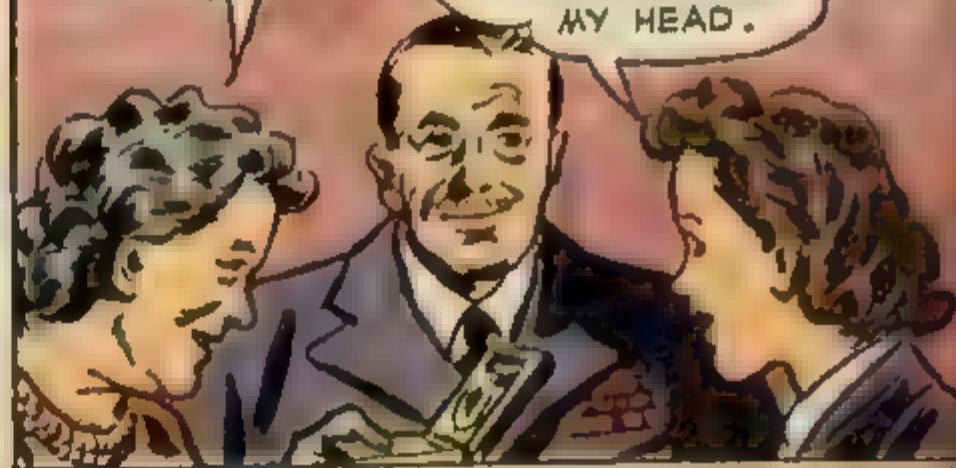
NOT NOW. I HAVE
TO GET BACK TO
MY STATION!



THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT RECOGNIZED ELIZABETH
BOOTH'S BRAVERY BY AWARDED TO HER THE
BRITISH EMPIRE MEDAL. BUT ELIZABETH
HERSELF HAD VERY LITTLE TO SAY ABOUT IT.

ELIZABETH DEAR,
WE'RE SO IMPRESSED
BY WHAT YOU'VE
DONE.

THANK YOU, MOTHER.
I'VE OFTEN WONDERED
HOW I WOULD ACT IN AN
EMERGENCY, AND I'M
THANKFUL I KEPT
MY HEAD.



Simplicity Sue

RUNS UP SOME RUMBA RUFFLES



TRUST our Sue to know a new fashion trend when she sees one. These rumba ruffles will give your summer dirndls a giddy Cugat rhythm, and they're so easy to make. Pick out some colorful cotton and rayon prints and get to work right away. Here's one time when it's Smooth to be Ruffled.

FROM TOP TO BOTTOM:

Make a one-piece cotton or rayon dñe dress with shirred-on rumba ruffle, fitted torso bodice, and oh, so flattering low neckline. Simplicity Pattern 1270, sizes 12 to 20, costs 15c.

Lace beading, run through with ribbon, calls attention to the rumba ruffle on your plaid cotton dirndl. If you're a Hep Hedy you'll make the drawstring blouse in black spun rayon because black is terrific this year. Simplicity Pattern 1261, blouse and skirt, sizes 11 to 18, costs 15c.

Shirt on your ruffle with a self heading and trim your ruffled blouse with appliquéd cut-out of the skirt print. You have an expensive looking costume. Simplicity Pattern 1272, blouse and skirt, sizes 10 to 16, costs 15c.

To order Simplicity Patterns, send cash to Patterns, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, New York, or buy them from your local dealer.

LEFTOVER LURE (below)

Simplicity Sue's not the girl to waste any leftover fabric. And we hope you feel the same. She suggests matching sandals, a separate bra top to wear with skirts instead of a blouse, and drawstring bags to match every outfit.

Send a legal-size stamped, self-addressed envelope to Fashions, CALLING ALL GIRLS, for your free Leftover Lure instruction sheets and you'll be able to turn every scrap into a swoonsation.



ANY PATTERN PROBLEMS?

Easy does it—we have a wonderful new special leaflet to help you solve them. It's called "P. G. on Patterns" and it's yours for the asking. Just send a 3c stamp with your request, please.



"How a visiting Dream Queen helped me rate!"

"My Cousin Susie's sweet, and I love to have her visit. But last time, helping her unpack, I turned green. Such super clothes! And me with a wardrobe strictly from hunger!"



"I knew it! Our first appearance at the Soda Bar, and who gets the whistles? Susie—in a swoon of a coral number. Even my best beau deserted me!"



"That night, I asked Susie. 'We get the same allowance,' I said. 'How do you swing all the glamour-duds?' 'Easy!' said Susie. 'I make 'em myself—and I learned how with Singers Teen-Age Sewing Lessons!"

"Next A.M. I rush to my Singer Sewing Center to Find Out. Hmmm! Classes after school or Sat., for gals 12 to 16. Special rates. That was my dish!"



"Those grand Singer experts! They taught me how to pick patterns, colors fabrics. Showed me cutting and fitting and finish-up tricks. My first dress saved me almost the price of the lessons—and it is a dazzer!"

"With my Singer know-how, I've dreamed up a bee-yootiful flock of new clothes. It's not a happenstance that no visiting dream-queen can pry my public away now!"



Girls!

Make your own clothes—have prettier ones—save money! Ask your Singer Sewing Center (listed in the phone book under Singer Sewing Machine Company) about specially priced Teen-Age Sewing Classes. Get your friends and sign up!

SINGER

SEWING CENTERS
EVERYWHERE

Singer Sewing Machine Company

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When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS

MEET THE COVER GIRL
CONTEST WINNERS

Nadine Cawley, 15, winner from
Stewart & Co., Baltimore, Md.



Lillian Mosher, 15, winner from
Gimbel Bros., New York City



Anita Louise Way, 16, winner from
Stewart & Co., Baltimore, Md.



Lois Heinze, 14, winner from
Brown Thomson, Hartford, Conn



Ann Nolan, 14, winner from
Gimbel Bros., New York City.



Look Like a Cover Girl



Left—Anita Way wears a peasant-embroidered skirt and blouse by Madalyn Miller of California. Right, Nadine Cawley wears Sandra Lee's eyelet-frosted peplum dress of Peter Pan striped cotton. About \$6.

AREN'T they pretty girls? They're all members of CALLING ALL GIRLS Clubs and they all entered—and won—cover girl contests conducted by their local CALLING ALL GIRLS Official Headquarters Stores. Nancy Pepper and celebrated model authority, Harry Conover, were the judges. The three out-of-town girls made their first visits to New York to have these photographs taken. Can you imagine how thrilled they were to watch the glamorous ice

show while they lunched at the Hotel New Yorker and to pose for famous New York photographer William Ward? And—it will be even more thrilling to see themselves in their favorite magazine, modeling pretty summer frocks that should make all of you look like cover girls. All this could happen to you, too, if you belonged to a CALLING ALL GIRLS Club! We'll be glad to tell you if there is one conducted by a store in your town.

in a *COVER* Dress

By NANCY PEPPER
Fashion Editor



Lillian Mosher, left, is just about five feet tall, so she wears a Petiteen of Everglaze gingham plaid, about \$8. Her felt-flower hair band by California Sportlets. Ann Nolan looks pretty in a Susan Allyn batiste with cap shoulders. About \$17

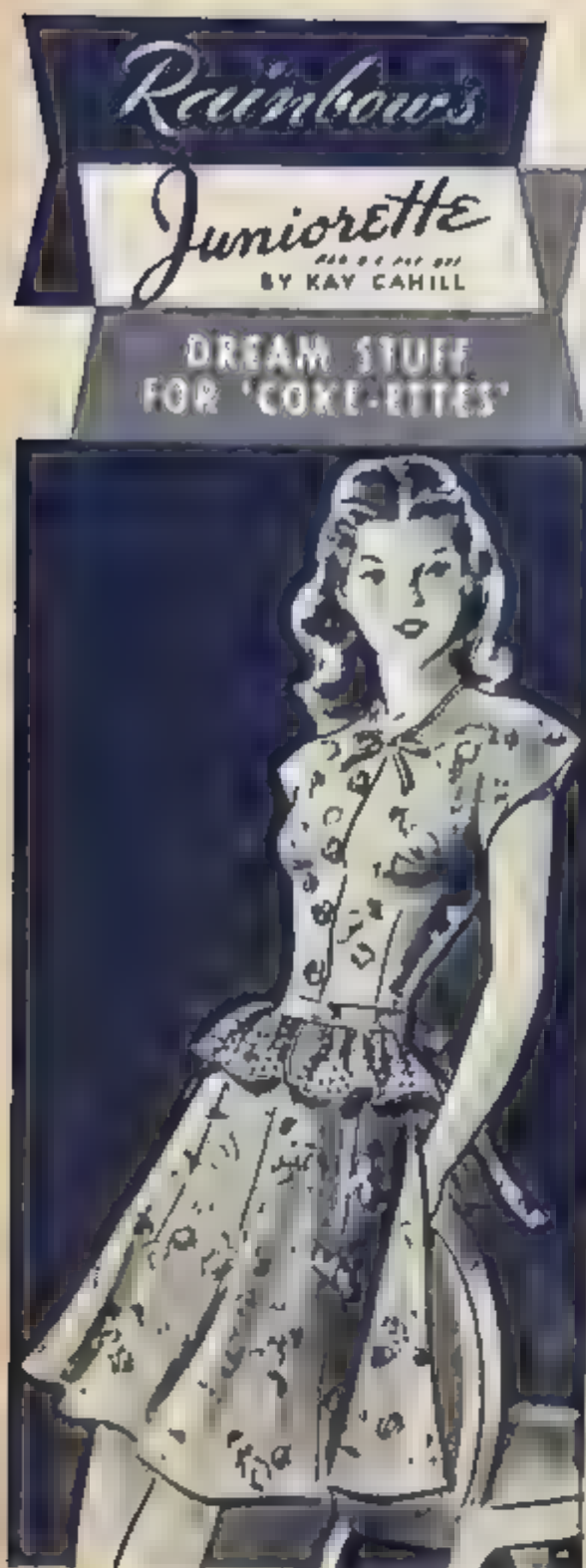


Here's this month's cover girl, Virginia Cavanaugh, 16 years old, of Elmhurst, L. I., in the dreamy daisy dress she wears on the cover. It's a Teentimer, designed by Grace Norman in Ameritex spun rayon. The cap sleeves are new. About \$9.

From California to you, a L'il Alice frock of black rayon butcher linen and checked taffeta—quaint as a Dutch costume and so becoming. Lois Heinze wears it with an appropriate starched lace Dutch cap from Ann Koppelman. Dress about \$11

Big Dutch-girl pockets and pie-plate buttons are eye-catchers on a rayon short-slung frock that will look as lovely on you as it does on Anita Way. Cover Girl dresses in teen departments of most Official Headquarters Stores on another page





Dream stuff for 'coke-ettes'... a dress to make you the pin-up gal of the whole armed forces! The plxy pirate print, of a Shantung-like faille by Charbelle fabrics, is set off by a half-peplum of fine eyelet batiste—with just a whisper of a sleeve in the new cap treatment.

Lime, aqua, blue
or pink—sizes 10 to 16
At better stores everywhere
about \$9

Rainbow
C. D. COMPANY
520 Eighth Avenue • New York 18, N. Y.

Tricks for Teens

Spruce in the Spring—That's the way you'll look when you've added a new touch or two to your blouses and skirts. Maybe you'll sew tiny buttons at the bottom of your skirt to form your initials or your name.—*Dolores F. Martin, Nickerson, Kans.* Perhaps you'll sew a small pocket inside the band of your dirndl skirt. You can carry your carfare in it, or you might tuck the tip of a gay handkerchief into it and let the ends dangle at your side.—*Betty Folster, Qwen Sound, Ont.* If you like to work at needlepoint or embroidery, you can make a highly superior suspender set for your favorite skirt.—*Leah V. Gould, Acton, Ont.* Maybe your skirts are all set, but your blouses won't stay down. Lick that problem by attaching a band of cotton material at the bottom of your rayon blouse.—*Joyce Peterson, Oswego, Ore.* Another solution is to sew a band of velvet inside the band of your skirt, so that the velvet side will touch your blouses and keep them from traveling.—*Patricia Worstell, Okmulgee, Okla.*

Bangles and Dangles—Accentuate the frivolous—and why not? Try using what's at hand, only not as nature intended! Buy a six-inch plastic ruler. Soak it in a pan of very hot water until it is pliable. Then take it out, cool it a little, bend it into the shape of your wrist, and hold it in that shape until it cools completely. After that it will stay in its new eye-catching bracelet form.—*Gayle Brunson, Independence, Mo.* If bowling is your sport, why not advertise it? Get ten wooden ice-cream spoons and punch a hole in the small end of each with an ice-pick or a nail. Then paint a red ring around each with fingernail polish. String them on red yarn, making knots between them so they won't all bunch up in the middle, and there you have a striking bowling-pin necklace!—*Janice Murdy, Westminster, Calif.* You can make a nifty gad-

get for your belt out of English walnuts and some yarn—and you can eat the walnuts, too! Crack them carefully, so that the shells are in halves, take out the meats (we don't need to tell you what to do with them, do we?) and glue the shells back together with the end of a 1½-inch piece of yarn inside each pair. When the glue dries, tie the shells to a long piece of yarn, about 16 inches long, and tie that in a loop at your belt. You can paint the walnut dangles, too—the brighter the colors, the more decorative they'll appear.—*Nancy J. Larson, Cass Lake, Minn.* And now for a final filip for frivolity, not to be seen, but noticeable just the same: sew tiny bells around the bottom of your slip, and you'll be the big noise among your friends, and a mystery woman at the same time. But don't wear this one to church!—*Nanette Justus, Lakeland, Fla.*

Hats On!—There'll be lots of occasions when you won't want to wear a formal hat, but you'll want something to keep your hair looking smooth these windy days. Make yourself a waterproof bandanna. Take two sheets of heavily waxed paper; place a bandanna between them, making sure that the waxed side of the paper is next to the cloth; press with a hot iron, and presto! you're a wet-weather witch!—*Virginia Wright, Buffalo, N. Y.* Try embroidering your friends' telephone numbers instead of names on your bandanna, or on your blouses, skirts, or anklets, for a new note.—*Jeannie Mumper, Winchester, Ind.* A pair of

\$1 will be paid for each Trick for Teens published

We want new and different tricks. Start dreaming them up and send in as many as you like. Winners are chosen for originality and for probable interest to other girls. Address Tricks for Teens, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. All entries become the property of CALLING ALL GIRLS. They cannot be acknowledged or returned.

sleeves cut from an old sweater makes a fine turban. Sew the cut ends of the sleeves together—carefully, so they won't ravel—and wind the resulting long wool strip around your rolled-up curls—Anita Douglas, Zephyrhills, Fla. If you want to make a clever fez, find an old hat with a high crown and cut the brim off carefully. Bind or hem the edge of the crown. Then make a tassel out of six or eight pieces of bright-colored ribbon with gay beads strung about three inches up one end of each piece. Fasten the other ends together at the center of the crown and stitch the ribbons lightly to the side of the hat, leaving the gay beaded ends to dangle to your shoulder.—Mi Mi Bernet, Johnstown, Pa.

Beanies on the Beam—Are you faithful to your beanie despite all temptations to change hat styles? Then make a long string of buttons and let it hang from the center of your favorite beanie; it's a tricky tonic for a tired topper.—Alice Kofroth, Germantown, Ohio. You've cut out strings of paper dolls in past years; now cut a string of dolls from felt and sew them around the edge of your beanie. Do the same for your skirt, if you have enough felt. It's a good idea to practice on paper first, and make a pattern of paper to guide your scissors on the felt.—Margaret Lingnau, Edmonton, Alta. Another idea is to cut heart-shaped openings around your beanie with a very sharp pair of scissors, and then line the whole thing with red material. Super if you start with a white beanie!—Caroline Neilsen, Burlington, Mass.

**Don't worry
if the next issue of
CALLING ALL GIRLS
is a little late.**

There are apt to be unavoidable delays in publishing during war-time so please be patient if your copy does not appear on the same day each month. It will be ready as soon as possible, and we hope that if you have to wait a little while for it, you'll be even more eager than ever to see what's new in your favorite magazine—

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GO UP OR DOWN

for Spring



At last there's something
new to do with your hair!

And easy, too!

By LOUISE CARLISLE
Good Looks Editor



YOUR hair is about this long—well, say an inch or two below your shoulder line. And you've been wearing it flowing or pageboy and you're a bit bored with it. Here's a new up version that's glamorizing for dates, not too hard to do even for everyday, and a down version that has the back interest that's high style this spring. You can even switch from up to down and back again, without resetting. And you can let yourself go and do the front in lots of different styles to fit your face and the cut and curliness of your hair. Versatile, yes? The small, neat head is fashion news, but soft, flowing hair helps features that are not quite perfect.

For either hair—do you start with well-brushed, glossy-clean hair, of course, and you curl only the ends, rather loosely. Rags or soft curlers do the best job for this, if you haven't the convenient kind of hair that falls naturally into ringlets.

Going up? You'll need four small combs, and here's how—1. Divide the hair into four sections. If you are going to wear a front part, make it now, nice and straight; otherwise you needn't be too fussy about the evenness of the part. 2. Take the front sections, one at a time, and comb them up from the face, fastening each firmly at the crown of the head with a comb and letting the curls turn outward. If you want the front plain, no part, comb the sections together after anchoring. 3. Comb one side of the back up and crisscross over to the crown of the head, and

fasten. Left crosses to right, and vice versa. 4. Now take the other side of the back hair, again crossing over. Get this one especially neat—no wisps on the neck—for this is the section that shows. Curls turn over the combs, as in the front arrangement, and you can reform them individually if they're untidy. The effect will be a soft little crown. The finishing touch is to tie a ribbon or strip of



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dress material around the whole cluster of curls, with a bow in front, or bow ends hanging down in back. Don't draw the ribbon in tight; secure it with a few bobby pins, if necessary.

You're too tall? Or you think you're too big, or the up style just is not for you? Well, try this new down style. 1. Divide the hair across the top of the head, from ear to ear. 2. Comb the back part down, and either turn under the ends in a soft pageboy effect or leave them fluffy.



3. Part the front as you prefer it—at side or center. 4. Comb front sections up and back and catch together high at the back of the head with a barrette or a ribbon, letting the short

curls cascade down. This is a "little girl" style that has grown up—it's a favorite this season because it carries out the new "back interest." If you don't like the curls, braid the front sidepieces, beginning over the ears, and pin them across the top or back of the head. You can braid ribbons in with the hair, too, for a perky and colorful finishing touch.

Front line news: Bangs go well with either of these hair-dos, either curled or softly swirled. And if your hair is too short in front to comb in with the side pieces, you can wear it fluffed on top or combed up in a smooth winglike effect.



Two leaflets to help solve your hair problems are yours for a 3c stamp for each. The new one, "Right Answers to Hair Questions," is full of practical suggestions on how to correct such conditions as oily or dry hair, split ends, how to live happily through a growing-out feather cut, and many others. You may still get our basic hair-do leaflet, too—"Fix Your Hair to Flatter Your Face and Figure." Check the coupon below, and don't forget to enclose a 3c stamp for each leaflet you order. Address Good Looks Department 8, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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Where does a Girl come in?

Sometimes first, sometimes last, but if she knows
the rules, she'll make a graceful entrance—and exit

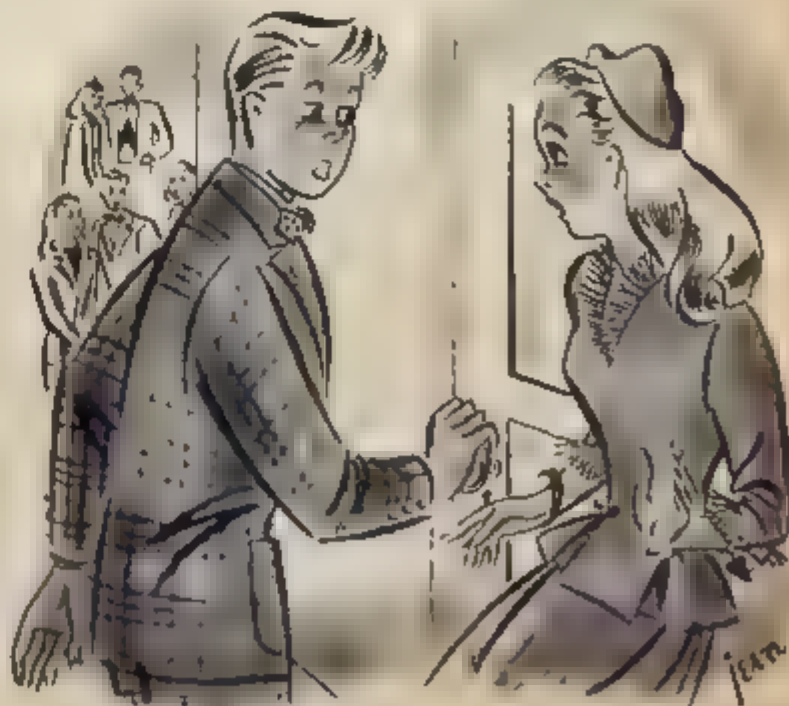
By MARTHA ROSS

IT WAS a perfect afternoon. The whole world seemed to be smiling as you and your date glided gracefully in unison up the steps of the building. For once you didn't mind the glances of the groups clustered around. You knew that you and Tom were making a charming picture. You knew you were dressed perfectly, that the blue of your dress accented the color of your eyes. And Tom was all you could ask for in a date, tall, broad-shouldered, handsome, and fun. But then you reached the door. Automatically your hand shot out to grab the knob—and so did his. You and Tom collided and pulled back hastily, awkwardly. You felt a red blush unbecomingly flood your face as you stood on the threshold of confusion. The whole picture of charm, the poised and gracious mood of a moment before, fell apart like a jigsaw puzzle someone had rudely jarred.

It was a very little breach of etiquette, of course. In the long run no one was going to remember or care that you didn't wait for Tom to open the door for you. But a little remembering just then would have saved you a moment of embarrassment, would have preserved the mood. It's the small rules of etiquette that give you a pattern of behavior, that make everyday living more gracious. So let's have a quick review of some of the do's and don't's that will help you avoid embarrassment and needless confusion.

Who goes first when is the most frequent question. In most of the boy-girl setups, you do, but there are a few exceptions. For instance, in the movies or at the theater, it all depends on the usher—that is, it depends on whether there is one or not. If there is one, you follow him down the aisle to the seat he indicates and the boy follows you. However, if there's a manpower shortage, the boy leads the way down the aisle until he finds seats, and then stands aside for you to take your place first. On the way out, the boy, who is, of course, sitting on the outside, gets up first, but he stands aside for you to lead the way up the aisle. Until you come to the door, which you wait for him to open, but we've been through that.

In restaurants, somewhat the same procedure holds. The boy tells the headwaiter, if there is one, the how many—and you follow the waiter to the table and take the chair he holds for



The whole picture of charm fell apart like a jigsaw puzzle someone had rudely jarred.

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you. However, if you find yourself in the local soda fountain which is quite waiterless, you pause inside the door and wait for your escort to suggest where to sit and then you can lead the way to the table indicated. And when you get there, stop a moment again to see if the boy is planning to hold your chair for you. But if he shows no sign of helping you, sit down; don't point out his oversight by standing helplessly.

In ordering, it's good manners to tell your escort, not the waiter, what you wish. And when you're both served, you start to eat first, since there's no hostess to give the cue.

One first that a lot of girls forget, and which is really pretty important, is that it's the girl who must make the first move to go home. Since your date has invited you out, he can't just take it upon himself to hand you your coat and lead you home even if you have been sitting over empty coke glasses for fifteen minutes. When your curfew arrives, or if conversation seems to have run out, it's up to you to say that you had better be wending your way

When you come to a street-car or bus, it's up the steps first for you, with your date waiting below to give you a helping hand, should you need it. For the same reason, in alighting from the vehicle, your date gets off first. People do still fall down steps!

There comes a time—perhaps too often—when there is no escort in the picture but just you and some older folk. Then you play the cavalier. You hold the coats, open the doors, you offer a helping hand at curbs and high steps. Of course, you won't go fluttering around an aunt who is maybe not many years your senior in a way that will make her feel aged and infirm. In fact, you should never flutter or make a dramatic production out of your good manners. The little rules of etiquette are good only when they are followed casually and naturally. So remember, if you do the gracious thing, it's bound to be right.

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Your Choice for Quality... Today and Tomorrow...
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WHAT ABOUT COLLEGE?

(Continued from page 9)

up the girls and boys who for many long years to come will be rebuilding this shattered world.

Some of you girls of college caliber who today want to get away from school and into a job, a few years from now will be just as eager to study for a profession. But you will find that there are few professional schools which will take you without a college degree. The professional schools want girls who know things beyond their own field. They know that women who have a knowledge of psychology, who can talk about books and politics and music with their patients or their clients, who can relax with these things after a hard day's work, will make better doctors or lawyers or landscape gardeners than those who cannot. They know that women with broad interests will do better for themselves, and do their Alma Maters more credit, than those who do not have this advantage.

Some of you will be more interested in what we call jobs, work which does not require specialized training. Even here you will be surprised at how often, in applying for a job, you will be asked whether or not you went to college. And you will be even more surprised at how often, as time goes on, you will see yourself passed by other girls like "that dumb Effie," who did know enough to go to college.

Have you decided? Almost as important as deciding whether to go to college is making up your mind about which college to choose, for there are all sorts—large ones and small ones, women's colleges and coeducational ones, state, municipal, and private colleges, denominational colleges, vocational colleges, junior and "senior" colleges. There are some five hundred in the United States that meet the very liberal minimum standards of the regional associations.

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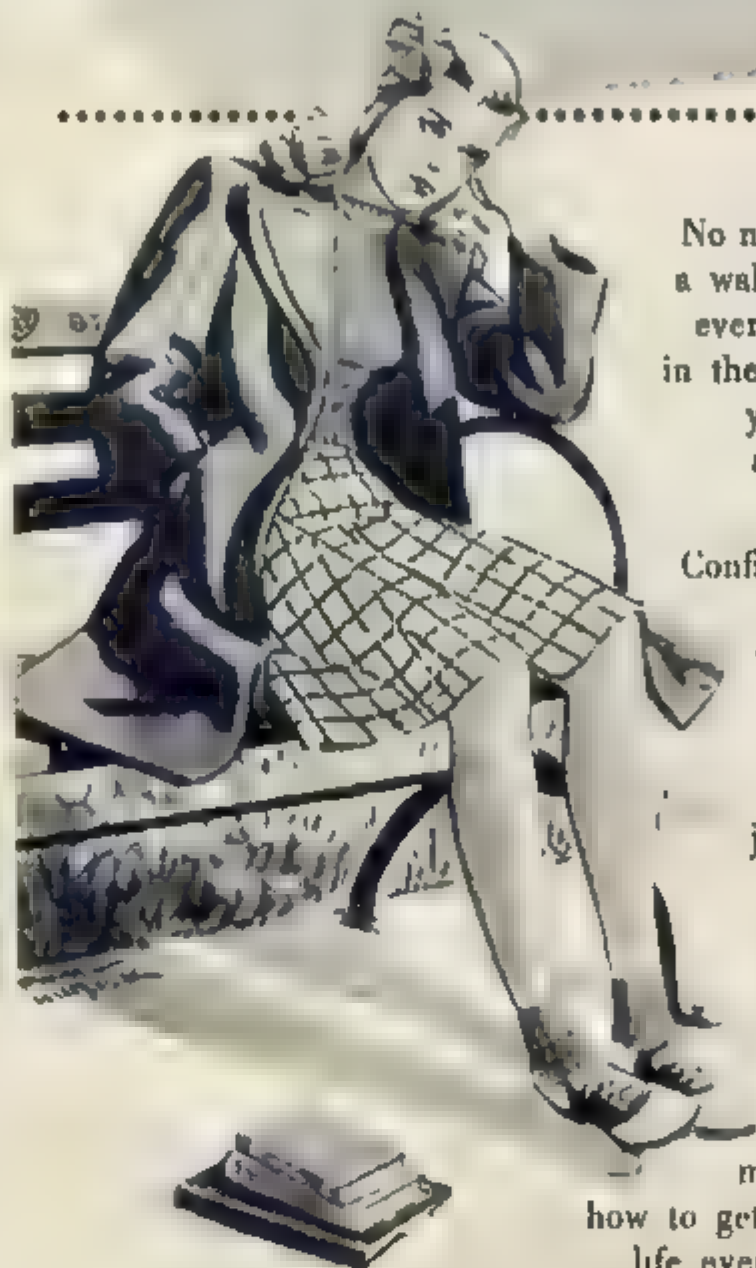
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your hair over all of them. In the first place, there are about a hundred that you can't get into no matter how smart you are—the "for men only" group. You will probably also eliminate the many denominational ones which do not represent your own faith. And there will be several easy ways of cutting down the list.

What about junior colleges? The junior college, like the radio and the airplane, was almost unknown until recent years. Of late it has grown greatly in numbers, sometimes by a high school adding two years, sometimes by a small college dropping two. The principal difference between the junior college and the liberal arts college—as the senior school is known—is that the former has a course of only two years and awards a certificate, while the latter has a four-year course and awards the degree which is a necessary passport into most professional schools. If there is a junior college near your home, it will furnish a convenient and inexpensive way to get two years of education beyond high school; it will prepare you for certain vocations; if it is a good one, you can transfer from it to a liberal arts college for your final two years. But if you mean to do this, you must investigate with care, for, even more than the liberal arts colleges, the junior colleges vary in standards.

If your choice has fallen upon a liberal arts college, there are other ways of cutting down the list of possibilities before you make your final decision. Do you, for instance, have to choose a college near home? Must you find one where the cost is not too high? Do you want to go where there are only women, or do you want your light so to shine among men that you will perhaps get your MRS. as soon as your B.A.? (Not that this will be more likely in one place than another, once cars may be freely used again.) Are you a modest violet who feels that she will be more readily discovered in a small college? Or are you the sort of girl who is at

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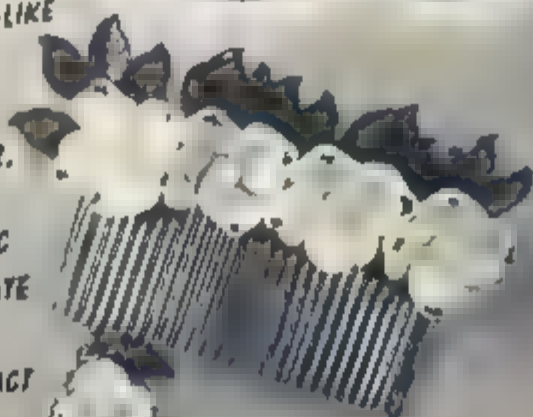


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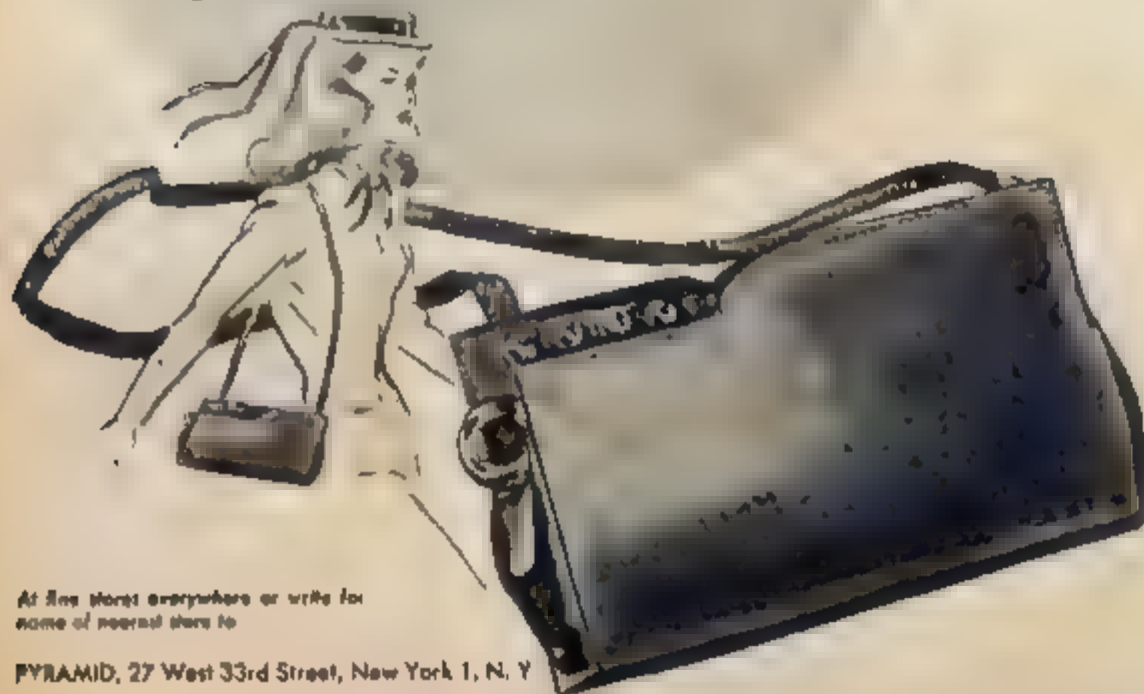
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home with all sorts of people and, wanting plenty of people to be at home with, prefers a large college? Do you live in the country or in a small town, and do you feel that you would like to go to a college in or near a city where you may go to museums and concerts and theaters? Or do you, in any case, prefer the self-contained social life of a country college?

By this time, your list will be way down. Yet there are still a number of important questions to think about. Will you have to earn your own way beyond any possible scholarships that you may get? If so, you had better find out in advance what possibilities there are for doing so in or near any college you are considering. Do you want to go to a college that has sororities? If you are sure of making one and you feel that you will enjoy the close association and the more limited social life, your answer will be yes. But if for any reason you feel that you might not be asked to join a sorority, and that being overlooked would make you as miserable as it does some girls, you will not consider a college where such a possibility exists.

If you are one of those lucky girls who know, even in high school, what they want to do, you will first of all have found out which colleges give the best training in your chosen field and will make all the other choices among these. But you still have to decide whether you want to go to a college which will give you vocational training only, or to one which will give you a more general education. Here you will find the line not very clearly drawn, for many vocational colleges give some cultural courses, while a good vocational or pre-professional training may be had at many of the primarily "cultural" colleges.

In these few pages I have been able only to skim your choices and the reasons for them. Your parents and your teachers will be able to help you much more. But you yourself must remember that it is

a very important choice, and you must make it on sensible grounds—not for such reasons as that “Mother liked it when she went there twenty-five years ago” or that “Gwendolyn Montmorency is going there, and I have always been crazy about Gwendolyn.”

Once you have made up your mind that you are going to college and where, study the catalogue as carefully as you would a fashion book for your Easter outfit. Find out exactly what the requirements are, and plan your high school work accordingly. Plan your course to meet the subject requirements, and if you are going where entrance examinations are required, decide with your teachers which of the plans for taking them will be best for you, and work toward it.

But in your planning remember that no matter what you do, there are certain fundamental courses you will want to have. It is always possible, too, that you may change your mind. One of the best things that college—sometimes even high school—does for you is to open up a knowledge of new vocations.

But to get back where we started, don't let anyone tell you that it is foolish to go to college in these days, that schools and lessons are kid stuff in a world at war. Most people don't think so. The women's colleges have the highest enrollments this year that they have ever had, while the coeducational colleges which have lost so many men to the services can take care of the overflow of girls only by using the men's empty dormitories.

You are the hope of the world. The girls of Poland and Greece, of Norway and China may never recover from the long years of cold and hunger and terror. You still have strong, healthy bodies. You must make your minds equally strong and healthy. You owe it not only to yourselves, but to your country and to the “one world” toward which we are all striving so hopefully.

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LET'S TALK THINGS OVER

(Continued from page 26)

perhaps she might start a club, which could then develop into a dramatic or scenario script writers' group. A teacher, club or scout leader, or some other friendly and able grownup, might like to act as guide or adviser—someone with strong interests in these fields who could help in a constructive way to encourage special talents and aptitudes and to stimulate further developments.

With hobbies, as with so many other things, it is good to ride them, but not to let them ride us. There is every reason to enjoy the time set aside for leisure-time interests of many kinds, but it is unwise to sacrifice everything else which may be enriching.

My mother doesn't like me to talk slang. All of the girls and boys I know talk it. She says if I talk slang at home and school I will talk it wherever I go. I think I can control it when I am out. Would you please give me some advice on this.—Margaret S., aged 10, California.

MARGARET seems to know pretty well that there is a time and place for slang but also that there are occasions when it is not desirable. It certainly would be hard for a young girl or boy never to use slang—the colorful, common language often needed to pep up and add flavor and spice to conversation. Young people want to be like the others in their crowd, and this grownups can understand. Language is used to express thought. It is a means of communication. There can be sign language, a language of smiles and gestures, as well as words. Girls and boys have a right to coin words of their own, even though their elders do not always understand just what they are saying or why they must twist good English words as they seem to enjoy doing. Of course, it's possible to be trite when



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using slang—we've all known girls who have only one way of expressing any approval, whether of a new dress or of a new record. But varied, colorful slang is fun to use and to hear in informal talk. So are the varied and colorful words of universally accepted usage.

Of course we are not referring to vulgar or crude words which sometimes greatly offend or hurt people. We think that Margaret means slang which, although she and her friends find it pleasant to use and hear, really does not come under the heading of "good English." Margaret's parents want her to learn to use language well and not to get into bad speech habits or to use incorrect forms.

It is not likely that she will speak poorly or carelessly just because she sometimes uses slang, provided she hears good English—and reads it, too—at home and at school and when with older friends. Actors, actresses, and radio comedians sometimes speak in dialect, using slang of various accents as part of their special brand of humor. That doesn't necessarily spoil their normal speech.

Margaret will find out that there are all sorts of standards and tastes in the world; and, little by little, she will have to learn to form her own. Her home will help her most; and if she often moves among friends who speak good English, tries to be considerate, tactful, and self-controlled, and if she does not use slang so much that she really torments, annoys, or "gets a rise out of" people, but seeks to express herself appropriately and well, she will be able to arrive at a good balance. Sometimes, then, she will have the fun of talking as her friends do when with one another, and she will also gain power in using perfect English when the occasion demands. Correct speech, which she surely wants to learn to use both now and when she grows older, is the mark of the cultured, educated, and refined person in social communication.

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RECORD RATERS

(Continued from page 7)

study lip control (I never use a mute) and the effect of the microphone on musical tones. Sometimes I back away from the mike or turn my head a little to get just the effect I want. The two most important factors in playing a sweet horn are the manner of phrasing and the musical expression, and when I interpret a song, even when the lyrics aren't being sung, I want my listeners to feel the theme of the song by the way I play it. I think our latest release, "Every Time We Say Goodbye" and "Only Another Boy and Girl," is a pretty good example of this style.

During the recording ban of last year, I worried that the the public might forget our band—after all, it was a rather young organization, and lack of records didn't help. But from the way the public took to our first release of last fall, "Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral" and "Let Me Love You Tonight," I guess I needn't have worried!

I like making records, for good records probably mean more in putting a band across than any other one thing. Besides, there's a real thrill to recording. Do you know that a record that plays three minutes may take anywhere from two and a half hours to a day to make? In the average recording session we cut four sides, and with a little luck it can be accomplished in eight hours. Sometimes it may take as many as twenty tries before we get exactly the effect we want, with every part of the band perfectly balanced and sounding properly smooth. After the cut is made, I dash into the engineer's booth to hear the first play back.

Whether it's playing for records or over the radio, appearing in the movies or directly before an audience, what we work for is the fans' approval. I don't think there's a musician in the world who could be really pleased with his music if he didn't think it was what other people liked and wanted.

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When you hear Jenny Jabberwocky's slangue and nonsense, and the welcoming voice of Tom Shirley, you'll know

that you're on the beam with the other members of the CALLING ALL GIRLS Club. You'll hear your favorite stories from CALLING ALL GIRLS dramatized by New York casts. Nancy Pepper, your own fashion editor, will tell you about the newest fads and fashions. You'll meet glamorous guest stars. You'll get the latest word of contests, special events, and teen-tuned attractions planned for club members by the store which sponsors the radio program in your locality. If you haven't heard the program before, listen this week and find out what's buzzin'; if you're already among those present, tell your friends!



Jerry Wayne—Super Singer Jenny Jabberwocky nearly swooned away when he was guest at the CAG Club.



Hildegarda — Glamour with a capital G, as you will agree when you hear her on our broadcast.

On page 62 you will find the name of the store nearest you which brings you this weekly feature. Check with its teen department for the time and station. If you can't find the program, let us know which is your favorite store for teen fashions. Address Linda Allen, National Director, CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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SURPRISE PARTY

(Continued from page 12)

her back. Sylvia had an awfully queer look, because she always wanted to be the leader in everything. Of course they'd all be polite to Sally, but no one would shout, "Hi, Sal, have another bun" or "Pass the weenies, Teeny." And Sally would know how things were and keep the hurt covered.

Peggy was near tears when she came into the recreation room. Someone had touched a match to the fire and Joey was sitting watching it. Little groups stood about talking. And Sally was standing beside Mother. Peggy went to the phonograph and pulled the top record from the stack. She tried to blink back her misery as she wound the little portable. If only someone would ask Sally to dance now. Peggy jumped when Bill pulled at her sleeve. "Who's the new babe?" He nodded toward Sally.

"That's Sally Wu. And she's nice."

Bill grinned. "Who said she isn't?"

Bill held out his arm for Peggy to dance. Sylvia and Ron were on the floor, Ada and Marie had partners, but Sally was still standing beside Mother. There was a fixed look about Sally's smile.

"Bill, would you dance this one with my guest?" Peggy asked breathlessly.

Bill looked down at her. "Why not? She's a neat number. But I thought we always had the first dance together."

Peggy stepped back. "I was going to sit this one out with Joey."

"Okay." Bill turned and swung his long legs across the room. Peggy's eyes beamed after him. She went over, poked at the fire, then plopped down beside Joey.

"Hi, Joey."

"Hi, Pegs." He was beating time with a crutch. "Who's the slick chick? I was talking to her and she sure sends on the beam."

"Joey, you like her?" Peggy asked in a choked voice.

"Sure. You know, she had a brother in the Marines." And his eyes were brimming with longing again, as they always did when he spoke of the armed services.

Peggy felt a warm glow crowd around her heart. It was a good day after all. The record ended and someone put on another. Bill left Sally beside Mrs. Baker and was coming for his dance. Then Peggy's whole being froze. He stopped, tapped Ron on the shoulder and whispered to him. They grinned toward Sally. How dare they make fun of her—openly, unashamedly! Peggy jumped up. Why not go right over and put an arm around Sally and say loudly, "Come on, Sal, let's show them how to cut the rugs."

But Peggy almost swallowed her tongue, because Ron walked right over to Sally and asked her to dance, and left Sylvia standing with her mouth open.

Peggy let Bill guide her out onto the floor. "Bill—you're tops." The music was soft, and her heart was dancing, too. "Know what? Sally's dad owns the Golden Pheasant. I bet we could have the class party there."

Bill grinned. "She's okay anyway."

Someone cut in on Ron and he went back to Sylvia. They danced past and Sylvia leaned over and said, "Gee, Peggy—I wish I could wear my hair in a flat-top."

Sally had another cut-in, and Peggy sighed, "Oh, Bill, this is the swellest birthday ever!"

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SHE'S ONLY NATURAL

(Continued from page 13)

became a terrible little brat for the role. She proved her acting abilities and the producers began to sit up and take notice.

Because of her excellent performance in the film, she received an offer to go on the stage in New York in "Panama Hattie" and made a tremendous hit. That was no sugary role either, and soon she was signed again in Hollywood where, minus artificial curls, she successfully plays various types of roles.

When she's off stage, Joan keeps right on being her natural self. She is a lovely girl with soft brown hair, blue eyes, and a clear complexion. Her expression is alive with interest in everyone and everything. She attends school in Hollywood, and entered high school at Immaculate Heart Seminary last fall. She is particularly anxious to be accepted by her schoolmates as one of the group, and hates being set apart as a "movie star."

Joan likes to cook and since, like most families today, hers is short of help, she often prepares and serves the dinner—very formally—for her father and mother and the aunt who lives with them. The press agent from the studio learned about this and remarked that Joan had better keep the fact that she is a good cook a deep secret. "Good cooks are scarcer than movie stars today," he said. "You may be drafted into the kitchen."

Joan's latest pictures are "Meet Me in St. Louis," the picture Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer made from Sally Benson's popular story, and "Tomorrow the World," adapted by United Artists from the successful stage play. Joan is a fine actress, but she is also the kind of girl you would like to have as a friend, for although she wants to have a career, she does not want that career to set her apart from her school friends. She is a typical American girl who wants to do the kinds of things you all like to do.

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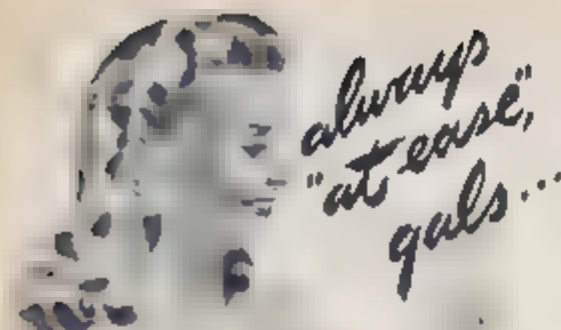
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MYSTERY OF THE LOST VILLAGE

(Continued from page 6)

over the world, but when you try to pin him down to one single, solitary fact, Nick Jerrold, he slips out of it just like that!" Rusty snapped her fingers vigorously. "And now he isn't Bob Clayton, and he's after Mrs. Fundy's old car, and he's plotting to get rid of us before we reach the ranch!"

The look of doubt which had been creeping over Nick's face gave Rusty a faint hope.

"He wouldn't have to drive us way to Arizona just to steal the car," he said cautiously. "He could've pushed us over a cliff in the Black Hills or Yellowstone."

"All right." There was a gleam in Rusty's brown eyes now that she saw Nick cracking. "But maybe it didn't fit in with his plan. Remember, he was talking to someone. He has an accomplice! Nick, we're in danger. We can't just sit here!"

"Look," said Nick. "I don't say you haven't got something. But jumping Josephine, Bob's been a right guy so far."

"Nick, he's coming!" Rusty burst out in an anguished whisper. "What shall we do?"

"Sit tight and keep our eyes open," Nick said quickly. "If anything funny comes up..."

Rusty had just time to turn around and tug her green playsuit down to her bare knees, before a pleasant voice said at her side, "Sorry I was so long. Everyone in town seems to want to give us advice on how to reach the ranch."

Bob Clayton, blond and tall and with a friendly grin on his brown face, limped around the car and slid into the front seat.

"Tired of waiting?" he asked as he turned on the ignition.

"No," said Rusty in a choked voice.

"Yes," said Nick.

Bob laughed. "Get unanimous, you two! Or can't brothers and sisters agree?"

Rusty shook back her red-brown hair. She said, her tone a trifle chill, "In a crisis, Nick and I always stick together."

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'Good!' said Bob. 'Let's hope we have a crisis all the way down to the ranch. All set, Nicko? Crink all right?'

Nick's voice sounded strange to Rusty as he answered, 'Sure. Just because Crink gets carsick once in a while doesn't mean he's a softie. He'll murder anybody who touches Rusty or me.'

Bob chuckled. 'Oh, come now! I've been working on that fierce dog of yours. Got him eating out of my hand.'

Rusty couldn't resist a quick look over her shoulder at Nick. What she saw wasn't reassuring. Nick was cautiously easing a mashie out of the golf bag. He motioned to Rusty silently and tapped the tennis racket, as if to say, 'In a crisis, you grab that. I'll use this.' Rusty's heart thumped as she turned back to watch the road.

It wasn't a very important highway, she decided, or there'd be more cars on it. Black, laced on either side by fringing pine, it stretched bleakly off into the setting sun. A lump lodged in Rusty's throat. It would be dark soon—and then they'd be all alone, rattling along in the Ark, just Nick and she and the stranger who had once been friendly, amusing Bob Clayton, but now sat silent and remote, with his eyes on the road. She stole a look at him, and noticed with a sinking heart how firm his jaw was, how strong his lean brown hands looked on the wheel. In a crisis, maybe she and Nick could run away somewhere. Bob couldn't run with his bad knee. But he had an accomplice!

'We turn off here onto the canyon road,' Bob said quietly. 'It's plenty rough.'

'How do you know?' Nick asked sharply.

Bob glanced down at Rusty with a surprised frown. Then his face cleared.

'I heard that in the drug-store,' he said. 'What's the trouble, Nicko? Don't you trust me?'

'Well, rats,' Nick said lamely. 'We don't want to take any chances.'

Bob maneuvered the Ark

SAY

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CALLING ALL GIRLS

April 1945

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skillfully around a jutting boulder.

"Have to, sometimes," he said. "Lucky to get a chance once in a while, too."

The canyon road was like all canyon roads, built on optimism and not much else. It clung doggedly to the steep side of the cliff, and twisted and turned to avoid shooting off suddenly into the pine-studded deep that yawned below. Gloomy shadows plunged at them from behind each huge boulder, from the dark nests of scraggly juniper, as the road dipped in toward a safe wooded stretch and then came out again on a sharp curve to skirt the precipice. Bob snapped on the lights and the weak beams pancaked against the cliff ahead, straggled off and fell limply out over the vast well of pines below. Crinkles began to whimper and dug his silky head into Nick's ribs.

"Crink's carsick again," Nick announced, but Rusty was peering ahead into the gloom, too tense to turn her head.

Bob braked to a stop. "Want to get out, Nick?"

"There isn't room," Nick said. "If I opened the door, the whole back seat would fall out into—down there."

"Maybe he'd feel better up in front," Bob suggested.

"He'll be all right." Nick's tone was brusque.

The descent was sharper now. Bob shifted into second, and braced himself more firmly against the back of the seat, his foot hovering over the brake.

The two-mile turn. The two-mile turn. Every revolution of the wheels said it over and over again in Rusty's brain as she waited, muscles tense, for the ominous spot on the trail where something would happen. But when it came, and Bob began to push and pull every gadget on the instrument board, Rusty didn't at first understand what it was all about.

"That's odd!" Bob said in a worried tone. "Fine time for the motor to be acting up!" And then she knew.

Bob put on the brake, and

Rusty, her throat tight, looked over her shoulder at Nick. Nick's face in the gloom was dark and tense. Through the back window Rusty could see far up on the dark skyline the flickering lights of another car approaching slowly. She braced herself in the seat, watched Bob raise the hood of the Ark, tinker with something, and climb back behind the wheel with a shrug of his shoulders.

"Lucky we aren't way off in the desert somewhere," he said. "Someone may come by and lend us a wrench."

"There's a car coming." Nick's voice was hard.

"So there is. We're in luck."

The car behind drew up slowly, its lights casting long beams that lit up the windows of the Ark. Out of the night a man walked toward them. Crinkles growled fiercely. The dark figure was at Bob's elbow now, the face hidden by the huge sombrero. Rusty crouched against the door, her eyes on the stranger. "Como esta, amigo?" she heard a throaty voice say.

"Not so good," Bob answered. "Motor's kicking up. Have you a wrench?"

The stranger shook his head. "No, I am sorry. No tools at all. You are on your way to the Lazy-K Ranch?"

"That's right," Bob said.

"I am going that way. If you wish, I will tell them your car is stalled on the trail."

"Well, thanks," Bob answered. "But it may take hours to fix it, and these youngsters are anxious to get there. If you have room in your car, maybe you'd take them..."

"No!" Rusty whispered her protest through stiff lips.

There was a swift movement in the back seat. Rusty felt the handle of the tennis racket jab into her side. She turned. Nick, his face set and fierce, was half out of the seat, the mashie grasped in both hands.

"No, you don't," his voice quavered. "No, you don't. You d-don't lay a finger on us or you'll get it! Right between the eyes, you will!"

(To be continued)



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